Sealth

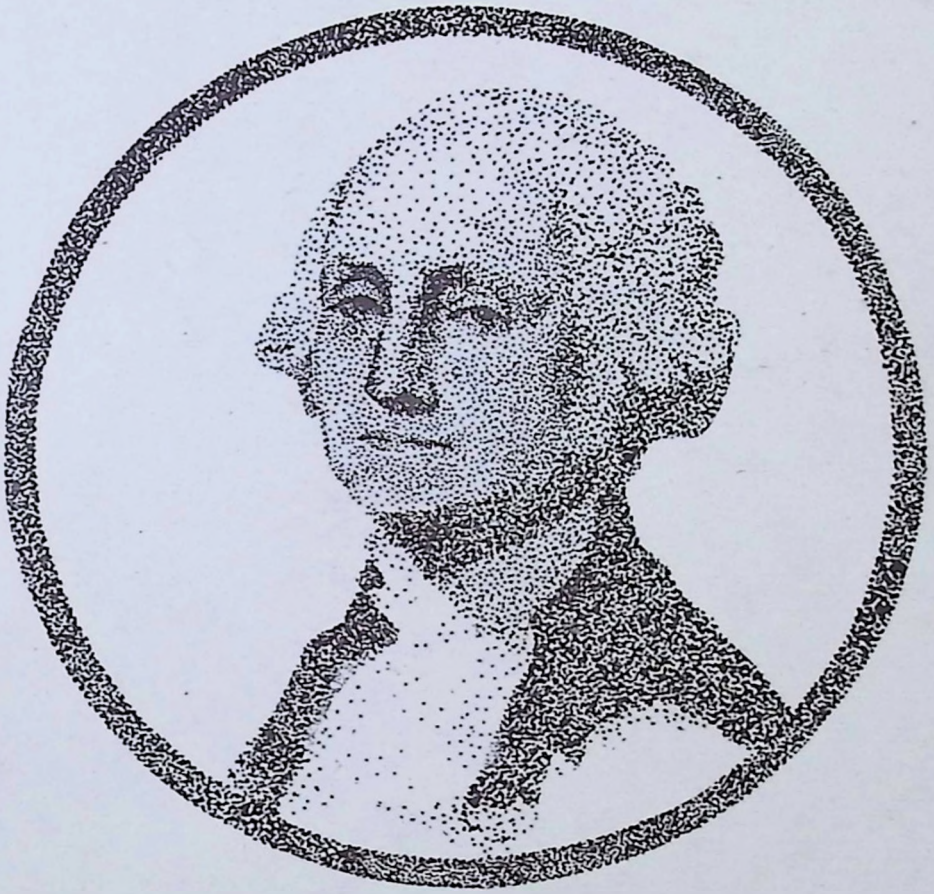
1908

Seattle · High · Schools

357

Washington High School

COLORS: ORANGE AND BLACK



YELL

OSKY WOW WOW,
WISKY WEE WEE,
HOLY MUCKEI,
OLD SEATTLE HIGH,
WASHINGTONEI,
SEATTLE!

Whatever may be of value in this volume
dedicated to the

Senior Class

of
nineteen hundred and eight

Photo by James & Bushnell.

SENIOR CLASS OF 1908.

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CHARLES KIRKPATRICK.....Vice-Principal.

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MARY R. BUTTON.
REGINALD CHRISTENSON.
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DAVID C. WILSON.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

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MARY WILLARD.

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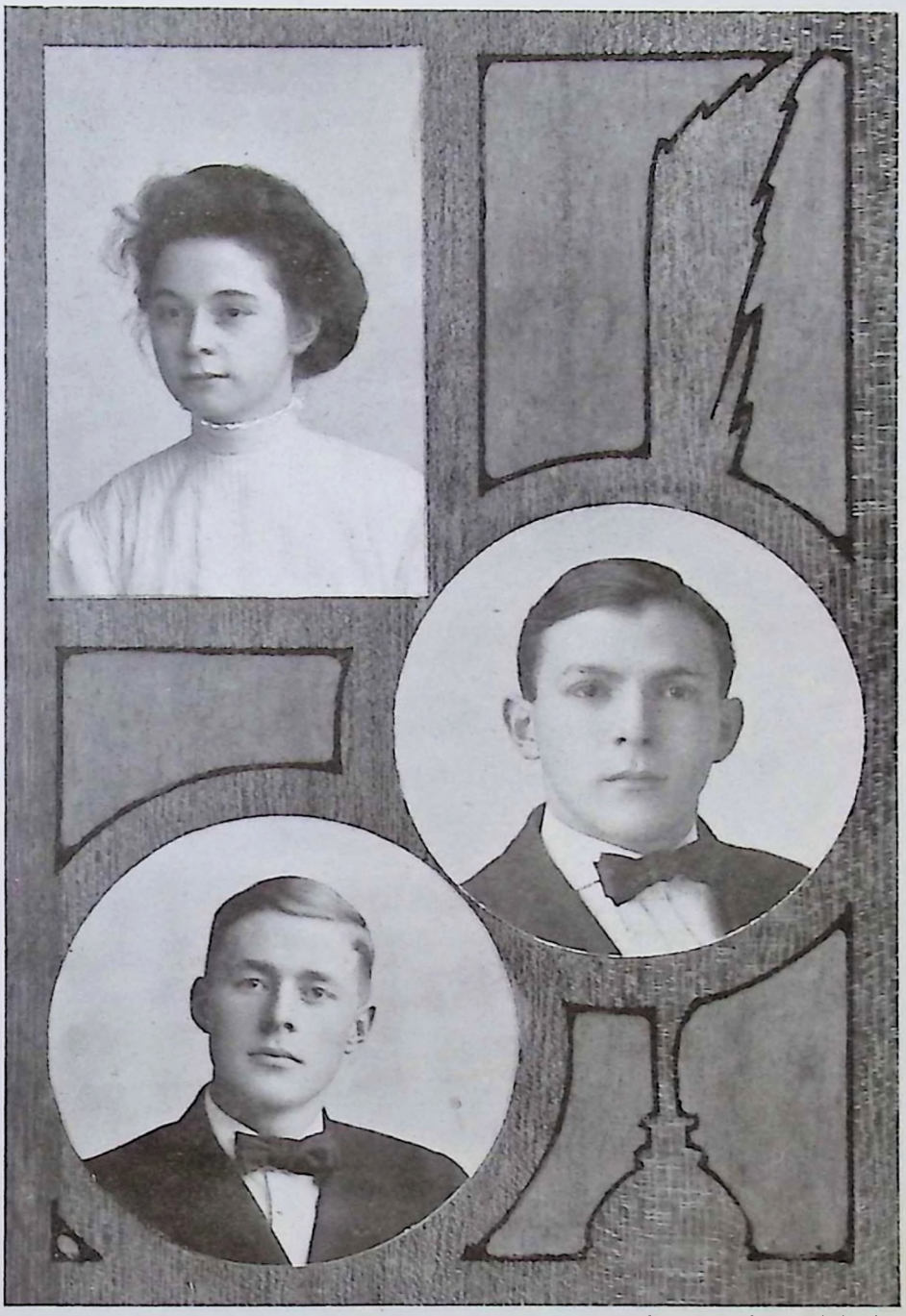
ANNE KRUMDICK (Librarian).
LENORA PEARL BRACE (Clerk).



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EDWARD LEIGH, Associate Editor.

OTIS B. HERGERT, Editor-in-Chief.

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ORVIS GLADDEN, Associate Editor.
JOHN BUTLER, Chief Illustrator.
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ALAN PHILLIPS, Franklin.

EDNA TIBBITS, Senior.

ARTHUR ELLSWORTH, Sophomore.

MARCIA CONNOR, Freshman.

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LEAH MILLER, Society

LIDIE HERREN, Debate

LELAH SHAHAN, Girls' Athletics

MILDRED RICE, Greek Club

BLOSSOM HURD, Music

HENRY GRANT, Athletics

∵ EDITORIALS ∵

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Associate Editor ..... MARGARET SMITH
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Associate Editor (Lincoln) ..... RALPH CASEY
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Junior ..... EUNICE SMITH
Society ..... LEAH MILLER
Greek Club ..... MIDRED RICE
Debate ..... LIDIE HERREN
Athletics ..... HENRY GRANT
Girls' Athletics ..... LELAH SHAHAN
Sophomore ..... ARTHUR ELLSWORTH
Freshmen ..... MARCIA CONNOR
Musical ..... BLOSSOM HURD

Lincoln

Junior ..... CYRUS BLOOD
Sophomore ..... FRED SPARGER
Freshmen ..... RALPH CASEY

Ballard

Senior ..... MARY CONRADE
Junior ..... BERYL DILL
Sophomore ..... AGNES GRAY
Freshmen ..... IVY DENNY

Franklin

Freshmen ..... ALAN PHILLIPS

EDITORIAL.

The door of the book-case opens and "Sealth the Fifth" takes its place beside a number of volumes which each passing year adds a new member to their little band. Effort has been made to make this volume not for one school, but for all four schools, and we hope that we have succeeded along this line. The success of this volume is due to the able assistants, whose honest efforts have made this volume possible. The editors take this opportunity of thanking the faculty and students for the assistance rendered.

This volume has been created with the purpose in view of making it an "encyclopedia" of events of our high school life, so that if, in after years, our recollection of youth is somewhat cloudy, and as we turn the pages of a little, worn volume, the cloud suddenly disappears like a fog in the presence of the sun. Then we may say that our efforts have not been in vain.

THE MASTER HAND

The sun has long disappeared behind the tall, graceful firs which completely surround the group of cabins which make up a logging camp. The stately fir trees do not seem to realize that the logger is their most deadly enemy, and that soon they will meet the same fate as their companions, only to succumb to the merciless attacks of the saw. Sometimes they appear to realize their danger, and one of a number, a giant, uprooted by a gale, comes crashing through the frail buildings of man, leaving a path of destruction behind.

The bunk house is a scene of excitement. A logger is playing on an old violin, while a number of men are endeavoring to keep time to the music. The musician is not skilled in the art of playing, and the violin seems to object to such rough treatment, for it utters shrill notes of protest. The floor is far from being suitable for this graceful dance of the loggers, as their iron-clad boots have produced a very uneven effect upon it.

The same old tune is repeated over and over until the dancers retire to the other end of the room, where a game of cards is in progress. The musician hastily tosses the violin down upon the

bunk near by and enters the game. Some of the men are tired from the hard toil of the day and are reclining in their bunks, watching the card game.

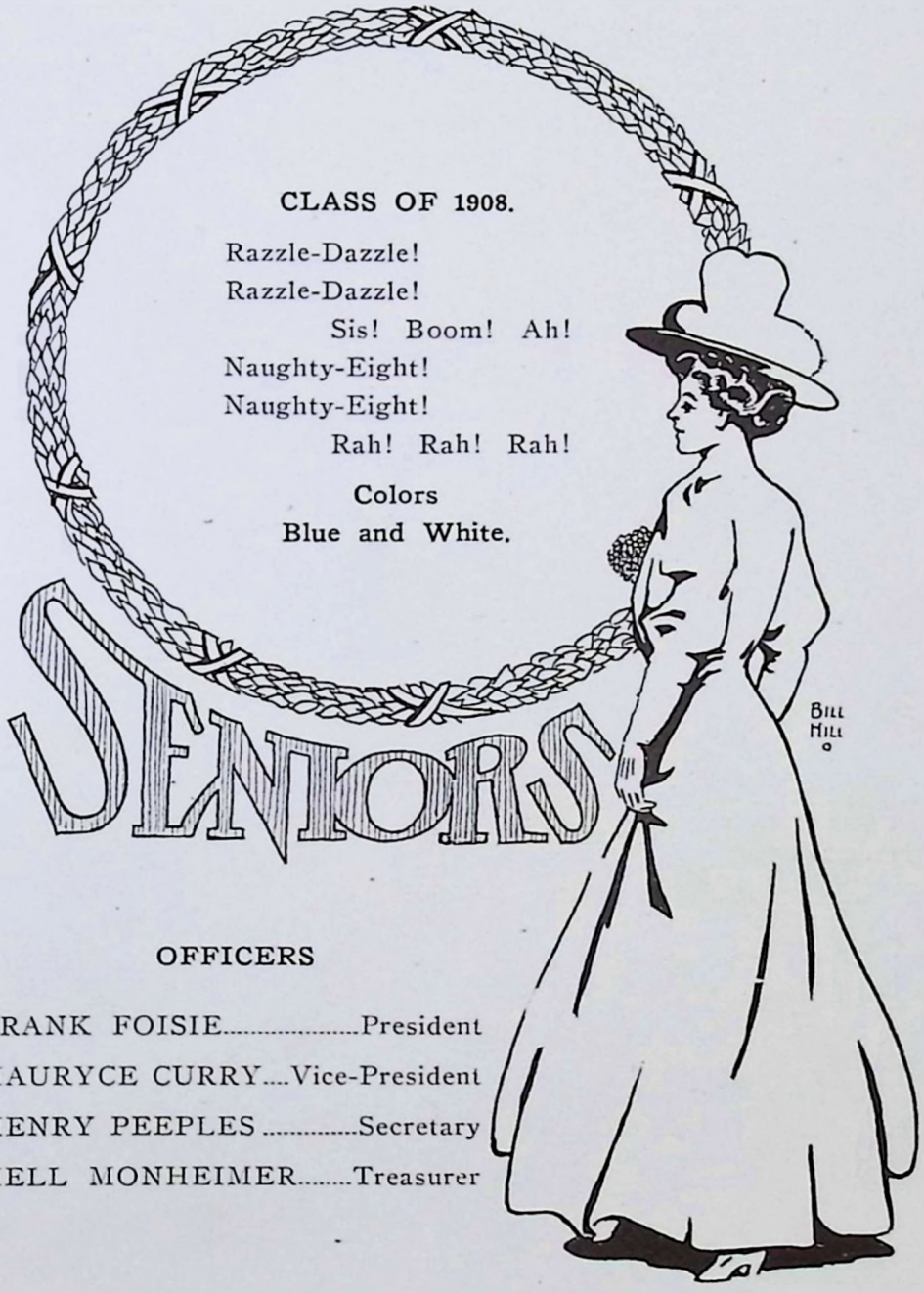
The door of the bunk house opens and a stranger quietly enters. The players do not notice him as he slowly crosses the room, seating himself on a bunk. Everybody who happens to be journeying in the region is always welcome to enjoy the hospitalities of the camp, provided that he is not a member of the band who follow the railroad track.

The stranger's appearance differs greatly from that of the rough loggers. His once sturdy frame is somewhat inclined from the burden of years. His snowy-white locks fall to his shoulders, contrasting strangely with the faded brown color of his clothing, which was at one time black, but now changed by the effects of the elements. There is a refined look in the countenance of this old gentleman which denotes that he did not always dwell among these rough, kind-hearted men of the forest, who prefer the life of a woodsman, one of toil and hardship, to that of an office man, denied all the enjoyment of the free, open air of the country.

The stranger's eye falls upon the violin beside him, and with loving hands carefully examines the instrument. The face of the old gentleman brightens as he observes a mark, nearly extinct, which to the eye of an expert indicates that the instrument is the product of a master builder. Placing the violin to his chin, he slowly draws the bow across the strings. Instead of the harsh, shrill tones of the other musician, the soft, sweet melody of an old Spanish love song fills the room. The players cease playing cards, watching with astonishment the stranger who so unexpectedly had entered their camp. Never before had the men heard such beautiful music. The player seemed to have his whole soul wrapped up in that selection which one hears in sunny Spain. The very frame of the old man trembles with emotion as he sways to and fro.

When he had ceased, the men crowded around him, shaking his hand warmly with appreciation. One of the loggers, a native of Mexico, burst into tears as he heard that beautiful melody of his childhood. Morning came, and the old man departed. No one seemed to kno wwho he was or where he came from, but behind him is an impression in the minds of those rude loggers which will never be erased.

This old gentleman and the little violet which blooms unnoticed under the mighty trees which protect the delicate flower from the fiery heat of the sun, add to the beauty of this world and help us to bear the burdens of life, more, perhaps, than we realize.



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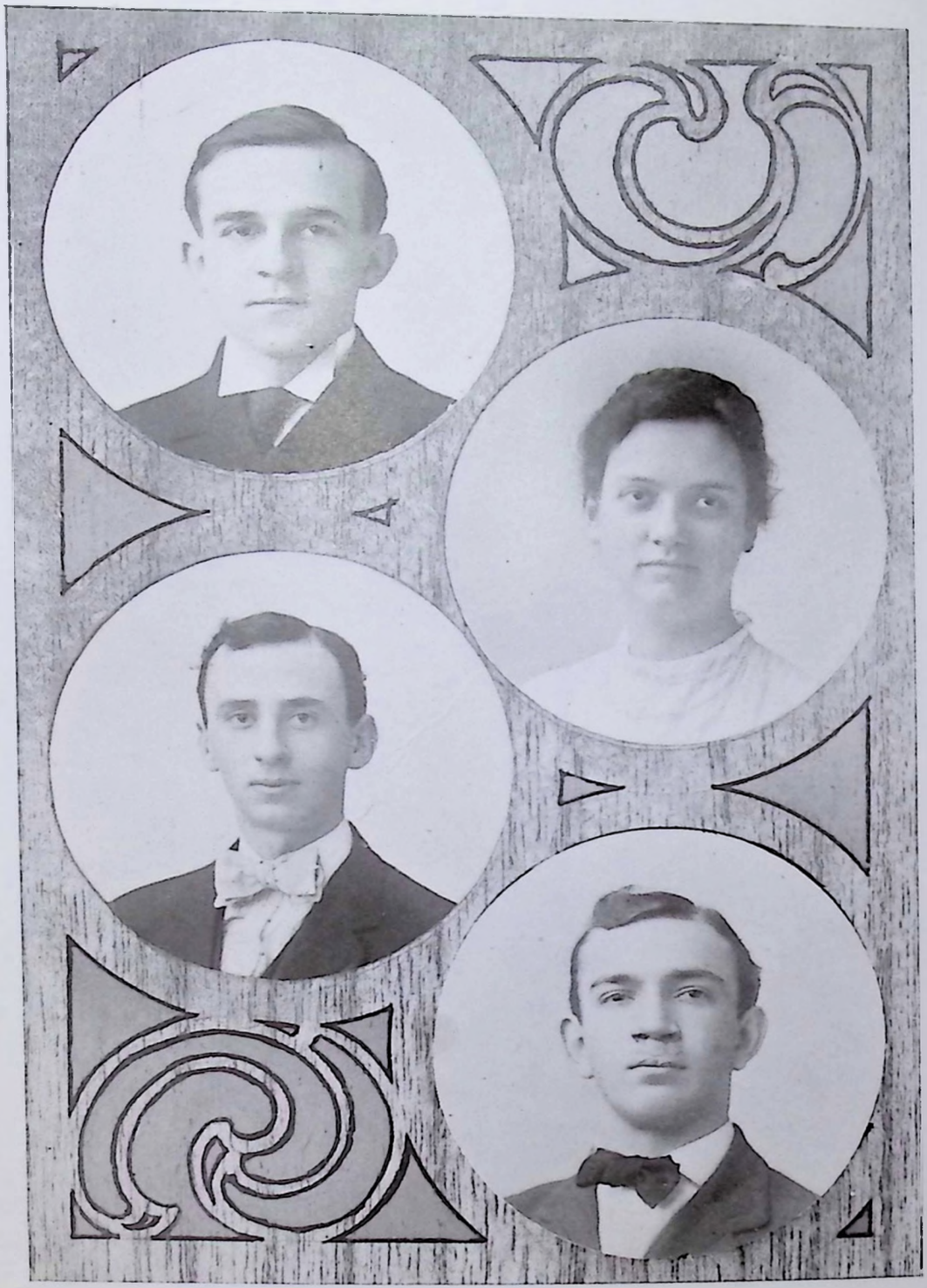
MAURYCE CURRY....Vice-President
HENRY PEEPLES.....Secretary
MELL MONHEIMER.....Treasurer



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OFFICERS SENIOR CLASS

FRANK FOISIE, President
MELL MONHEIMER, Treasurer
M. CURREY, Vice-President
HENRY PEEPLES, Secretary

ADAMS, ELIZABETH MURILL.
Entered November, 1904, from Burton, Wash.

ADAMS, HELEN CATHERINE.
Entered September, 1904.

ADAMS, PEARL BEEBEE.
Entered September, 1904.

AHRENS, EDLEF KEITH.
Entered September, 1903.
(1), Cadet Corps; (2), Sergeant Cadet Corps.

ALBITZ, ALICE BLANCH.
Entered September, 1904.

ANDERSON, RALPH J., (L).
Entered September, 1906, from Barry, Ill.
(4), Debating Club.
(L), Lincoln High School.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

ANDRUS, CLAUDE AVERY.

Entered September, 1905, from La Grange, O.
(2, 3, 4), Debating Club; (3, 4), Chorus; (3), Pres., V. Pres. Debating Club; (4), A. A.; Bus. Mgr. Debating Assn.; Inter-Scholastic Debating Team; Endman Minstrels.

ARMENT, FLORENCE LYNDE.

Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3), Debating Club.

ARMSTRONG, FLORENCE.

Entered September, 1906, from Olympia, Wash.
(3), Chorus.

ARMSTRONG, CHESTER.

Entered September, 1906, from Minneapolis, Minn.
(3, 4), Debating Club; (4), Debating Assn.; Sec. Senate; A. A.; Dramatic Club; Class Day Speaker.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT WILLIAM.

Entered September, 1905, from Bay City, Mich.
(2, 3, 4), Debating Club; (3), Minstrels; (4), Endman Minstrels.

ARONSON, JULIET HORTENSE.

Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

AWOKI, MONROE TETSUJI.
Entered September, 1904.

BAISDEN, LEO BERNARD, (L).
Entered September, 1907, from Durango, Colo.
(4), Pres. Debating Assn.; Inter-scholastic Team.

BALCH, ANNA CORDELIA.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3), A. A.; (3, 4), Debating Club.

BALLARD, DEAN DAYTON.
Entered September, 1904.
(2), A. A.; (3), Minstrels.

BARRASH, ARNOLD J.
Entered February, 1904.
3, 4), A. A.; (4), Debating Assn.; Senate; Dramatic Club.

BARRY, ALICE MARIETTE, (L).
Entered September, 1906, from La Crosse, Wis.
(4), Debating Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

BARTOW, CLIFFORD.
Entered February, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2, 3), 2nd Football Team; (2), Soph. Football Team.

BAUMGARTER, EARL.
Entered September, 1904.

BECKMAN, MILDA J.
Entered September, 1903.

BEHARRELL, HELEN ELIZABETH.
Entered September, 1903, from Portland, Ore.
(3), Girls' A. A.

BELL, ROY CLARK.
Entered September, 1904.
(3, 4), A. A.

BELL, RAYMOND FRANCIS, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 4), Debating Club; (4), A. A.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

BENEDON, VILLA VELVA.
Entered September, 1907, from University of Puget Sound.

BERGGREN, ALMA ELIZABETH.
Entered September, 1904.

BLEULER, FRANK ERNEST.
Entered February, 1907, from Carlenville, Ill.
(3, 4), A. A.

BLOOM, VERDA NELLE.
Entered February, 1904.
(4), Girls' A. A.

BOND, CLARKE C.
Entered September, 1906, from Xenia, O.
(4), Debating Club; Dramatic Club.

BONNETT, KATHERINE VIOLET.
Entered September, 1905, from Denver, Colo.
(3), Junior Basketball Team; Girls' A. A.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

BOUILLON, VICTOR J.

Entered September, 1904.

(3), Debating Club; (4), A. A.; Mandolin Club; Senate; Dramatic Club.

BOWLES, JESSE C.

Entered September, 1904.

(2, 3, 4), Debating Club; (2), Sec. and Treas. Debating Club; (3), Pres. Debating Club; Treas. Debating Assn.; Class Treas.; Oratorical Contest; (4), A. A.; Senior Ball Committee; Dramatic Club; Pres. Senate; Bus. Mgr. Whims and Sealth.

BORRILL, MARJORIE, (L).

Entered September, 1907, from Minneapolis, Minn.

(4), Girls' A. A.

BRACE, JOHN MILLECHAP.

Entered September, 1905, from Port Townsend, Wash.

(4), Dramatic Club.

BRADEN, RUTH, (L).

Entered September, 1906, from West Seattle.

(4), Girls' A. A.

BRADNER LEO C.

Entered September, 1904.

(1), Orchestra.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

BRIDGEMAN, ETHAN ALLEN.
Entered September, 1904.
(1), Debating Club.

BRIGHAM, LEW H., (L).
Entered September, 1906, from Shelby, Neb.
(3, 4), A. A.

BROWN, ETHEL MAY, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(1), Girls' A. A.; (2), Chorus; (3, 4), Debating Club.

BROWN, LOWELL J., (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), A. A.

BROWN, WARREN I.
Entered September, 1907, from Minneapolis, Minn.

BURKE, HARRY EDWARD.
Entered September, 1903.
(1, 2, 3, 4, 5), A. A.; (3, 4, 5), Football Team; (4), Endman Minstrels.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

BURNETT, MOLLY.
Entered September, 1906, from St. Joseph, Mo.

BUSCHMAN, SOLVEIG.
Entered September, 1905, from Tacoma, Wash.
(3), Chorus.

BUSCHMAN, TRYGVE WEDEGE.
Entered September, 1904, from Tacoma, Wash.
(4), Debating Assn.; Senate; Commencement Day Program.

BUSH, MYRTLE FLORA.
Entered February, 1908, from North Yakima, Wash.

CALDERHEAD, SAMUEL JOHN.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), A. A.; Senate; Class Day Speaker; Dramatic Club.

CALLARD, CAROLINE GRACE.
Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

CAMPBELL, ARTHUR EUGENE, (L).
Entered September, 1907, from Snohomish, Wash.

CAMPBELL, JOHN.
Entered September, 1905, from Renton, Wash.
(2, 3, 4), Debating Club.

CANNEY, HAZEL FERN.
Entered September, 1904.

CAPPS, ROBERT WALDRON.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; Master of Properties, Minstrels.

CARROL, JASON FOWLER.
Entered September, 1905, from St. Paul, Minn.
(2), Cadet Corps.

CARROL, LEVI B.
Entered September, 1905, from St. Paul, Minn.
(2), Cadet Corps.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

CHEW, ELIZABETH HUNTINGTON.

Entered September, 1906, from Brooklyn, N. Y.

(3, 4), Orchestra; (3), Debating Club; (4), Mandolin Club.

CHURCHILL, FREDRICK ARTHUR, JR. (L).

Entered September, 1903.

(3, 4), A. A.

CHRISTESEN, RUTH A.

Entered September, 1904, from San Francisco, Cal.

(4), Dramatic Club; Society Editor Whims.

CLARK, CHARLES WALTER.

Entered September, 1907, from Kirkland, Wash.

CLARK, ANNA M.

Entered September, 1905, from Minneapolis, Minn.

CLARK, GLADYS BAXTER.

Entered September, 1904.

(1, 2), Girls' A. A.; (3), Class Editor Whims and Sealth; Editor-in-Chief Junior Whims.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

CLAYTON, LAWRENCE EDGAR.

Entered September, 1904.

(3, 4), A. A.; (2), Mgr. Soph. Football Team; (3), Treas. Whims and Sealth; (3), Junior Prom. Committee; (4), Sec. A. A.; Senior Ball Committee.

CLEAVES, HAROLD E.

Entered September, 1904, from Columbia City, Wash.

COATES, ELIZABETH MAY, (L).

Entered February, 1905.

(4), Class Sec.

COGSWELL, LOUIS HAROLD.

(2, 3, 4), Minstrels; (1, 2), Debating Club.

COLBY, ARZA G.

Entered September, 1903.

COLLINS, WALTER D.

Entered September, 1907, from Kirkland. Wash.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

COLSKY, LENA GERTRUDE.
Entered February, 1904.

CONAWAY, BESSIE AGNES.
Entered February, 1904.
(2, 3), Girls' A. A.; (3), Junior Girls' Basketball Team.

CORLISS, HELEN LEONA.
Entered September, 1906, from Brighton, Wash.
(3), Chorus.

COURTNEY, ALICE MARIE.
Entered September, 1907, from Minneapolis, Minn.

COVEY, ACENITH.
Entered September, 1904.

COYLE, WILLIAM JENNINGS.
Entered September, 1903.
(1, 2, 3, 4, 5), A. A.; (1, 2, 3, 4), Track Team; Baseball; (2, 3, 4, 5), Football Team; (2, 5), Basketball Team; (2), Capt. Baseball Team; (2), Vice Pres., Class; (4), Capt. Football Team; Junior Prom. Committee; Mgr. Baseball; (5), Senior Ball Committee; Mgr. Basketball; Dramatic Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

CURREY, MAURICE LOUISE.

Entered February, 1904.

(3), Sec. Debating Club; Vice Pres. Debating Club; (4), Alpha Lit. Society; Vice Pres. Class.

CUSHING, MELZAR H.

Entered February, 1905.

(4), A. A.

DANA, FORREST.

Entered September, 1904.

(3), Debating Club; Treas. Debating Club. (4), Pres. Senate.

DAVIES, MYVANNY.

Entered September, 1904.

DEAN, GETHA L.

Entered September, 1907, from Spokane, Wash.

DE GARMO, CHARLES W.

Entered September, 1904.

(3, 4), A. A.; (4), Senate; Assistant Advertising Mgr. Whims and Sealth.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

DEIGHTON, HILDA.
Entered September, 1905, from Huntington, Ind.

DENNY, ANNA LOUISA.
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Debating Club; (4), Alpha Lit. Society.

DENNY, MARY LORETTA.
Entered September, 1904.

DERRY, FAYE GERTRUDE.
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Debating Club; (4), Debating Assn.; Alpha Lit. Society; Inter-scholastic Debating Team.

DICKENSON, LILLIAN.
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Junior Girls' Basketball Team; Girls' A. A.

DIECKHOFF, OLGA ELIZABETH.
Entered September, 1903.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

DODGE, EVA MAUD.
Entered September, 1904.

ELLIS, RUSSELL D.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 4), A. A.

DUDLEY, LOUIS V.
Entered September, 1907, from Georgetown, Wash.

EATON, JAMES SHERWOOD.
Entered September, 1904.

ELLIOTT, JENNIE.
Entered September, 1903.

DOLSON, CAMILLE GANS.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Greek Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

ENOS, MAX T.

Entered September, 1903.

(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2), Pres. Debating Club; Debating Editor Sealth; (3), Assistant Mgr. Sealth; (4), Senate; Advertising Mgr. Dramatic Club; Mgr. Minstrels.

ETSELL, IRMA.

Entered February, 1905.

(1, 2), '09 Girls' Basketball Team; (3, 4), Girls' A. A.; (3), Girls' Athletic Editor Whims and Sealth; (3), Girls' Basketball Team; (4), Mgr. Girls' A. A.

EVANS, DONALD H.

Entered September, 1904.

(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (1), Musician Cadet Corps; (2), Sergeant Cadet Corps; (3), Second Lieutenant Cadet Corps; Cadet Editor Whims and Sealth.

FARLEY, IRENE BEATRICE.

Entered February, 1904.

FEIDLER, LEO.

Entered September, 1903.

(1, 2, 3, 4, 5), A. A.; (4, 5), Basketball Team.

FELT, JULIA IRENE.

Entered February, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

FLYNN, GENEVIEVE.
Entered September, 1904.

FOISIE, ALBERT VICTOR.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), A. A.; Senate; Debating Assn.; Inter-scholastic Debating Team.

FOISIE, FRANCIS P.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3), Debating Club; (2), Sec. Debating Assn.; Inter-scholastic Debating Team; (4), A. A.; Pres. Debating Assn.; Dramatic Club; Pres. Class.

FORBES, F. BARSTOW.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3), Debating Club; (4), A. A.

FOSTER, SHIRLEY.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 3), Girls' A. A.; (3), Junior Girls' Basketball Team.

FRANKLAND, JAMES, Jr., (L).
Entered September, 1903.
(1), Corporal Cadet Corps; (2), Sergeant Cadet Corps; (3), Debating Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

FRASCH, LEONA BEATRICE.
Entered September, 1904.

FRATER, NELLIE DEAN.
Entered September, 1904.
(2), Vice Pres. Class.

GALLOWAY, HAZEL.
Entered September, 1904.

GARCKEN, PAUL H.
Entered February, 1904.
(3), Mgr. Glee Club; (4), Mgr. Musical Assn.

GEPNER, ALFRED F.
Entered September, 1903.
(3, 4, 5), A. A.; Football Team.

GIBBONEY, JOHN FRANCIS.
Entered September, 1907, from Bremerton, Wash.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

GIBSON, MARGARET TILFORD.
Entered February, 1904.

GILLULY, W. FRANK.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), A. A.

GOODRICH, FORREST J. (L).
Entered September, 1907, from San Antonio, Tex.

GRANT, HENRY WILLIAM.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2), Debating Club; (4), A. A.; Whims Dance Committee; Assistant Advertising Mgr. Minstrels; Athletic Editor Whims and Sealth.

GRIFFIN, ARTHUR R.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3), Debating Club; (4), A. A.

GULLIKSEN, EDNA LOUISE.
Entered September, 1905, from Everett, Wash.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

GUSTAFSON, ROBERT RAYMOND.
Entered September, 1905, from Tacoma, Wash.
(3), A. A.

GUSTIN, EDWARD C. A. (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Debating Club; (4), A. A.

HALEY, ROBERT MURKLAND.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3), Debating Club; (4), A. A.; Debating Assn.; Treas. Senate; Inter-scholastic Debating Team.

HANSON, ETHEL A.
Entered September, 1907, from Colchester, Nova Scotia.

HARDING, HELEN T.
Entered September, 1907, from Denver, Colo.

HARGREAVES, JAMES WILLIAM (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Debating Club; (4), A. A.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

HARKER, LENORE MARY.
Entered February, 1904.
(3), Associate Editor Junior Whims.

HARKINS, MARJORIE.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), Girls' A. A.; (1), Debating Club; (3), Junior Girls' Basketball Team; Girls' Track Team.

HARRIS, MARJORIE (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Senior Ball Committee.

HAYES, GLADYS NELLIE.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Senior Ball Committee.

HERGERT, OTIS B.
Entered September, 1904.
(1), Cadet Corps; Minstrels; (2, 3, 4), A. A.; (4), Sealth Editor-in-chief.

HERREN, LIDIE VIRGINIA.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3), Debating Club; (2, 3), Debating Assn.; (2), Sec. Debating Club; Class Editor Whims and Sealth; (3), Vice Pres. Class; (4), Debating Editor Whims and Sealth.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

HICKINGBOTTOM, FRED H.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (3, 4), Baseball; (3, 4), Track; (4), Basketball.

HIVELY, MARY MARGARET.
Entered February, 1904.

HOLLENBECK, NORMAN K.
Entered September, 1903.

HOLLINGSWORTH, MYRTLE, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Debating Club.

HUGHES, ETHEL GERTRUDE.
Entered September, 1904.

HUNTER, LILA ALICE.
Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

HUTCHINS, JAMES BLAIR, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 4), A. A.; (2), Soph. Football Team; Debating Club.

HYDE, ESTHER MARIE.
Entered September, 1904.

JACKSON, CLYDE L., (L).
Entered September, 1906, from Spokane, Wash.
(4), A. A.; Debating Club.

JOHNSON, EMMA J.
Entered September, 1904.

JOHNSTONE, MARY LUCILE.
Entered September, 1905.

JONES, ARCHIBALD HARKEN.
Entered September, 1904.
(2), Class Yellmaster.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

JONES, HERBERT LESLIE.
Entered February, 1903.
(3), A. A.

JUDKINS, LONA CLARE.
Entered February, 1904.

KEEFE, OTTO.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 4), Minstrels; (2), Sec. Class; (4), A. A.

KEENEY, GLADYS MARGUERITE.
Entered February, 1904.

KELLY, CAROLINE ELIZA.
Entered September, 1904.
(1), Sec. Class; (4), Senior Ball Committee; Senior Pin Committee; Vice Pres. Dramatic Club.

KENNEY, SAMUEL E.
Entered September, 1905, from Renton, Wash.
(3), Debating Club; (4), Inter-scholastic Debating Team.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

KIESLER, BLANCHE JEANE.
Entered September, 1906, from Hutchinson, Minn.

KOHLER, LIELA M.
Entered September, 1905, from Boise, Idaho.

KING, FORREST.
Entered February, 1907, from Eaton, O.

LAWRENCE, HAROLD, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(3, 4), Debating Club; (4), A. A.

LEIGH, EDWARD OLIVER.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (1), Sec. Class; (2), Pres. Class; Soph. Football Team; (3), Advertising Mgr. Whims and Sealth; (4), Whims Editor-in-chief; Associate Editor Sealth; Class Day Speaker, Dramatic Club.

LEVINSON, MONTIE M.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (1), Debating Club; (2) Soph. Football Team; (4), Dramatic Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

LEWIS, JULIAN M.
Entered February, 1904.
(1, 2, 3), Debating Club; (2), Vice Pres. Debating Club; (4), A. A.

LEWIS, FLORENCE E.
Entered Februarv, 1907, from Clarinda, Iowa.
(4), Dramatic Club.

LIND, ALGODT.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3), Debating Club; (4), A. A.; Greek Club; Minstrels.

LINDERSMITH, EARL, (L).
Entered September, 1902.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (4), Debating Club; Glee Club; Minstrels.

LOEWE, REINHOLD.
Entered September, 1904.
(3, 4), A. A.; (2), Debating Club; (4), Minstrels; Washington Oratorical Contest; Dramatic Club.

LONDON, MABEL.
Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

LORD, GLADYS M., (L).
Entered September, 1907, from Fairbury. Neb.

LORING, MILDRED W.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2), Debating Club; (2), Chorus; (4), Debating Assn.; Mgr. Alpha Lit. Society; Dramatic Club

LOSEE, MARY, (L).
Entered September, 1905, from Victoria, B. C.
(3), Girls' A. A.; (4), Debating Club; Associate Editor Whims and Sealth.

LOVEGREN, ESTHER M.
Entered September, 1904.

LOVEJOY, WINIFRED.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Class Day Speaker.

LUTZ, EUGENE ELBERT.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3), Debating Club; (4), Senate; A. A.; Dramatic Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

MACKEY, RUSSELL A.
Entered September, 1905, from Bellingham, Wash.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (3, 4), Football Team; (2), Soph. Football Team; (4), Mgr. Track.

MacINNIS, ARTHUR ELVER.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Dramatic Club.

MacLEAN, IDA E.
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Girls' A. A.

MAJOR, RALPH DAY.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2), Debating Club; Chorus; (4), Greek Club.

MANEY, RICHARD SYLVESTER.
Entered September, 1906, from Chinook, Mont.
(3, 4), Orchestra.

MANNING, CHARLES T.
Entered February, 1906, from Chariton, Ga.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

MARKLE, FRANCES AUBRA.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Vice Pres. Alpha Lit. Society; Dramatic Club.

MARKS, ELSIE MAE.
Entered September, 1904.

MATHIEU, IRENE, (L).
Entered September, 1904.

MAYBURY, EDGAR W.
Entered September, 1905, from Winona, Minn.
(3), Class Yellmaster; (4), A. A.

McKENZIE, ISABEL.
Entered September, 1904.

McLAUGHLIN, FLORENCE EDDY.
Entered February, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

McLAUGHLIN, MYRTH A.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Chorus.

McLEAN, JENNIE C.
Entered September, 1904.

McMASTER, JESSIE.
Entered September, 1904.
(1), Girls' A. A.

McMASTER, PEARL ZHENFELDT.
Entered February, 1904.

MERRIL, HAROLD DEXTER.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), A. A.

MICHAEL, MARGARITA EDWINA.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 4), Mandolin Club; (1), Debating Club; (3), Washington Oratorical Contest; (4), Alpha Lit. Society; Dramatic Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

MILLER, ELIZABETH BLANCHE.
Entered September, 1904.

MILLER, LEAH.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2), Girls' A. A.; (3), Junior "Prom" Committee; (4), Senior Ball Committee; Society Editor Whims and Sealth; Dramatic Club; Whims Dance Committee.

MILLION, TEN.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2), Cadet Corps; (2, 4), Minstrels; (3, 4), A. A.; Baseball Team; (2), Corporal Cadets Corps; (4), Senate.

MILSTED, GEORGE ROY.
Entered September, 1904.

MOLINE, SIGNIE NATALIE.
Entered February, 1903.

MONCRIEFF, ARTHUR J.
Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

MONHEIMER, MELVILLE.

Entered September, 1904.

(2, 3), Debating Club; Debating Assn.; (2), Pres. Debating Club; (3), Sec. and Treas. Debating Club; Advertising Mgr. Debating Assn.; Associate Editor Junior Whims; (4), Class Treas.; Washington Oratorical Contest; A. A.; Exchange Editor Whims; Assistant Bus. Mgr. Sealth; Bus. Mgr. Senate; Alpha Lit. Society; Inter-scholastic Debating Team.

MOODY, RUTH A.

Entered February, 1907, from Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE, ELSIE VIRGINIA.

Entered September, 1904.

MOORE, JENNIE ROSE.

Entered September, 1904.

MULLEN, CHARLES GEORGE.

Entered September, 1904.

(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2, 3, 4), Basketball Team; Baseball Team; Track Team; (3), Captain Basketball Team; (4), Captain Track Team; Football Team.

MUNCASTER, MAJORIE.

Entered September, 1904.

(4), Girls' A. A.; Alpha Lit. Society.

Cal.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

MURRAY, WELWOOD.
Entered September, 1906, from San Francisco, Cal.

MYER, EDMUND J. JR.
Entered September, 1906, from Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
(3, 4), Minstrels; (4), Pres. Glee Club; Advertising Mgr. Chorus; A. A.; Dramatic Club.

NAKAO, YOSHIHITO J.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), A. A.; Senate.

NEGBERG, GRACE CLAIRE.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3), Chorus; (1), Girls' A. A.; '08 Basketball Team; (4), Dramatic Club.

NELSON, REBECCA MAE.
Entered September, 1907, from Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada.
(4), Girls' A. A.

NEWLANDS, ELOISE KATHERINE.
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Junior "Prom" Committee; (4), Dramatic Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

NORQUIST, FRANCES, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Debating Club; Treas. Debating Club.

O'DONNELL, GRETCHEN MARION.
Entered September, 1904.

OGLE, JOHN PAUL, (L).
Entered September, 1907, from Mankato, Minn.
(4), Pres. Glee Club; A. A.; Debating Club; Minstrels.

OLSON, MARIE.
Entered September, 1906, from Great Falls, Minn.

PALMER, EMMET M., (L).
Entered September, 1905, from Duluth, Minn.
(2 3, 4), A. A.; (2, 3), Debating Club; (2), Soph. Football Team.

PALMER, LESLIE, (L).
Entered September, 1905, from Redslands, Cal.
(2, 3, 4), Debating Club; A. A.; (4), Inter-scholastic Debating Team.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

PECKENPAUGH, HAROLD.
Entered September, 1907, from Bremerton, Wash.
(4), A. A.

PEEPLES, HENRY C.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), Debating Club; A. A.; (2), Sec. Debating Club; (4), Assistant Bus. Mgr. Whims and Sealth; Endman Minstrels; Senate; Dramatic Club; Class Day Speaker.

PERL, HERMAN.
Entered September, 1905.
(1, 2, 3), Debating Club.

PETERS, JAMES RAYMOND.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2), Debating Club.

PIDDUCK, EDNA LUCY.
Entered February, 1903.

PIERCE, PHEBE M.
Entered February, 1906, from Milwaukee, Wis.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

PLUMB, FLORENCE.
Entered September, 1903.

POLSON, OLLIE H.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2), Soph. Football Team; (3), Assistant Advertising Mgr. Whims and Sealth; (4), Sec. A. A.

PRICE, ANDREW.
Entered February, 1905.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2, 3), Debating Club; (1), Pres. Class; (2), Class Editor Whims and Sealth; (3), Assistant Mgr. Minstrels; Pres. Class; (4), Pres. A. A.

PRICE, PEARL MARGARET.
Entered February, 1904.

PULLEN, ROYAL R.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (3, 4), Football Team; (3), '08 Track Team; (4), Sec. Dramatic Club; Assembly Program Committee.

QUALE, ARTHUR.
Entered February, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

RABEL, VICTOR EDWARD.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2, 3, 4), Basketball Team; (3), '08 Track Team; (4), Capt. Basketball Team.

RADFORD, MARION ALMA.
Entered September, 1904.

RAND, ETTA A.
Entered February, 1904.
(2, 3), Chorus; (2, 3), Girls' A. A.

RANDALL, MAE.
Entered September, 1907, from Sioux Falls, S. D.

REED, ELIZA.
Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

REICHERT, ALTA BLANCHE.
Entered September, 1904.

REINSDORFF, ANNA MARGARET.
Entered September, 1907, from Georgetown, Wash.

RHODES, NORMA ALICE.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2), Girls' A. A.; Basketball Team; Debating Club.

ROBERTS, FRANKLIN G., (L).
Entered September, 1904.

ROBERTS, MARY CHRISTINIA, (L).
Entered February, 1905.

ROGGE, EDGAR.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (1, 2), Debating Club; (2), Soph. Football Team; (4), Football Team.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

ROSAAEN, GRACE CHRISTINE.
Entered September, 1904.

ROWSE, NONA BALES.
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Girls' A. A.

RUCKER, MILDRED A.
Entered February, 1904.
(1, 2, 3), Girls' A. A.; Basketball Team.

RUNDLE, RAYMOND G.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3), Debating Club; (3, 4), Glee Club; (3), Mgr. Chorus.

RYAN, NELLIE THERESA.
Entered September, 1904.

SALLBERG, MILLICENT C., (L).
Entered September, 1905, from Minneapolis, Minn.
(4), Debating Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

SANDERSON, MINNIE FLORENCE.
Entered September, 1905, from Steven, Minn.

SAUNDERS, DOROTHY CHANNING.
Entered September, 1904.

SEELEY, CHARLOTTE AUSTIN.
Entered September, 1903.
(4), Girls' A. A.

SHAVE, SAMUEL RICHARD, (L).
Entered September, 1906, from Hawley, Minn.
(4), Sec. Debating Club; Assistant Bus. Mgr. Whims and Sealth; A. A.

SHAW, ALICE HILDA.
Entered September, 1905, from Trenpealeau, Wis.
(2), Girls' A. A.; (4), Alpha Lit. Society.

SHAW, WYNIFRED AMAND.
Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

SHELTON, ALICE MARGARET.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Dramatic Club.

SHELTON, ANNAH LOUISE, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Debating Club.

SHIELDS, CLEO.
(1), Sec. Class; (2), Chorus.

SHORT, FAY CHARLOTTE.
Entered February, 1905.
(4), Class Day Speaker.

SIMISON, DONALD S.
Entered February, 1904.
(3, 4), A. A.; (4), Senate; Dramatic Club.

SKELTON, JESSIE LEE, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Debating Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

SMITH, SUSIE L., (L).
Entered September, 1903.

SMITH, WARREN, (L).
Entered September, 1903.
(4), Inter-scholastic Debating Team; A. A.

SPRENGLE, ENID AMELIA.
Entered September, 1904.

STALEY, FLORENCE LOUISE.
Entered September, 1905, from Portland, Mich.
(2), Girls' A. A.

STEARNS, BESSIE C.
Entered September, 1904.

STEVENS, DWIGHT NORTON.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2), Cadet Corps; (1), Debating Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

STEVENS, ROBERT WETZLER.
Entered September, 1904.
(3, 4), Minstrels; (1), Debating Club.

STEWART, ROY, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Debating Club; A. A.

STRANG, EDNA VIOLA, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Debating Club.

SWEENEY, ALICE CATHERINE.
Entered September, 1906, from Bellingham, Wash.

SYLVENIO, EDWARD F.
Entered September, 1903.

TAMARIBUCHI, M.
Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

TAYLOR, HAROLD BOYNE.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), A. A.; Dramatic Club.

THOMAS, ELLEN A.
Entered September, 1904.

THOMASON, LLEWELLYN, (L).
Entered September, 1905.
(3, 4), A. A.; (4), Debating Club.

THOMPSON, GEORGE HAROLD.
Entered September, 1904.
(2), Soph. Football Team; (4), A. A.

THOMPSON, VICTOR, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2), Track Team.

THURMOND, VIOLA ALICE.
Entered September, 1904.
(3), Girls' A. A.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

TIBBITS, EDNA MARTHALNA.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3), Debating Club; (2), Chorus; (3), Vice Pres. Debating Club; (4), Class Editor Whims and Sealth; Pres. Dramatic Club; Alpha Lit. Society; Girls' A. A.

TOWSLEY, EDITH EDNA.
Entered September, 1904.
(2), Girls' A. A.; (4), Dramatic Club.

TREMPER, BAILEY.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.

VAN KLEEK, ALMA.
Entered September, 1905, from New York City.

VAN KURAN, HERBERT.
Entered February, 1904.
(4), A. A.; Dramatic Club.

WALLER, HAROLD.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Dramatic Club.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

WALLING, MADELINE MARIE.
Entered September, 1904.

WATROUS, JOHN HERBERT.
Entered September, 1904.
(2, 3, 4), A. A.; (1, 2), Debating Club; (4), Pres. Senate; Class Day Speaker; Dramatic Club.

WATSON, KATHLEEN M.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2), Girls' A. A.

WAUGH, JAMES RUGGLES.
Entered September, 1905, from Mt. Vernon, Wash.

WEST, IRENE, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Debating Club.

WESTOVER, RALPH F.
Entered September, 1903.
(1, 2, 3, 4, 5), A. A.; (2, 3, 4, 5), Football Team.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

WHITE, CHRIS.
Entered September, 1907, from Anacortes, Wash.
(4), A. A.; Senate.

WHITTIER, EVELYN.
Entered September, 1907, from Georgetown, Wash.

WHITTIER, WILLIAM HARRISON.
Entered September, 1907, from Georgetown, Wash.

WIGHT, ADA LAUGHLIN.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Greek Club.

WIGHT, MARION LOUISE.
Entered September, 1903.

WILSON, ALFRED S.
Entered September, 1904.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

WILSON, GENEVIEVE.
Entered February, 1904.

YAW, LORA B.
Entered September, 1904.
(2), Girls' A. A.; (4), Dramatic Club; Assembly Program Committee.

ZEEVE, TESSIE.
Entered September, 1904.
(4), Greek Club.

BAKER, HESTER A.
Entered September, 1907, from Georgetown, Wash.

BRADNER, CHESTER.
Entered September, 1902.

DAVIDSON, OSCAR E., (L).
Entered September, 1907, from Oshkosh, Wis.

Photo by James & Bushnell

DEAN, CLARA THERESA.
Entered February, 1904.

DE LAFFE, GEORGE S.
Entered September, 1902.

DICKIE, LILLIAN STANTON.
Entered September, 1904.

DRAKE, LAWRENCE.
Entered September, 1903.
(1, 2, 3, 4, 5), A. A.; (4, 5), Wireless Telegraph Operator for High School.

EASTY, ALPHA.
Entered September, 1904.
(2), Chorus.

ESHELMAN, WALLACE C.
Entered September, 1902.
(4), A. A.

HENRY, WILLIAM J.
Entered February, 1904.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2, 3, 4), Football Team.

HILTON, EDMUND W.
Entered February, 1907, from Wenatchee, Wash.

JENSEN, EDITH NETTIE LOUISE.
Entered February, 1903.

JEAN, ROSS.
Entered September, 1903.

JENKINS, MARGARET MARY.
Entered September, 1903.

JOHNSON, THOMAS M., (L).
Entered September, 1904.

KELLOGG, BUDD H.
Entered September, 1907.
(4), A. A.

KUGA, KOHEI.
Entered February, 1904.

LEIGH, HERBERT H.
Entered February, 1904.
(1), A. A.

LEWIS, CLINTON R.
Entered September, 1906, from Fargo, N. D.

LEWIS, ISAAC J.
Entered February, 1904.

LISKA, MARTHA.
Entered September, 1904.

McCULLOUGH, MAUDE BROOKS.
Entered February, 1906, from Missoula, Mont.
(4), Girls' A. A.

MOBECK, AGNES MYRTLE.
Entered February, 1904.

MOON, HARRY ALFRED, (L).
Entered February, 1903.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; (2), Mgr. Baseball.

MURRAY, L. G.
Entered September, 1906, from San Francisco, Cal.

OTTO, FLORENCE.
Entered February, 1904.

PARKS, LICAL, (L).
Entered September, 1907, from Wilbur, Wash.
(4), Debating Assn.; Washington Oratorical Contest: Inter-scholastic Debating Team.

PARKS, LUELLA, (L).
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2, 3, 4), Debating Club; (1), Girls' A. A.

PARKER, THOMAS WILLIAM.
Entered September, 1903.
(1, 2), Debating Club; (2, 3), A. A.

PETERS, WILLIAM A.
Entered September, 1907, from Agissiz, Cal.

PETERSON, JOHN.
Entered September, 1904.

PILGRIM, GLEN H.
Entered September, 1907, from Minneapolis, Minn.

RAY, FLORENCE.
Entered September, 1904.
(1, 2), Debating Assn.; (1), Sec. Debating Club; Vice Pres. Debating Club; Mandolin Club.

ROBERTSON, VICTOR ALDEN.
Entered September, 1905, from Anacortes, Wash.
(3, 4), A. A.

SAUTER, RUTH MARIE.
Entered September, 1903, from Prairie Du Chien, Wis.
(1, 2), Debating Club; (1), Orchestra.

SHERRICK, JOHNSON.
Entered September, 1903.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.

SULLIVAN, CLAYTON, (L).
Entered September, 1904.

THOMPSON, JUD BROUGHAN.
Entered September, 1903.
(1, 2, 3, 4), A. A.; Track Team; (3), Captain Track Team.

WILES, CLIFFORD L.
Entered September, 1903.
(3), A. A.

WILSON, CHARLES MELVILLE.
Entered September, 1905, from Colorado Springs, Col.
(3), Debating Club.; (4), A. A.; Minstrels.

WOOLBURT, MELEYANN.
Entered September, 1903.

ZICKRICK, GRACE G.
Entered September, 1906, from Georgetown, Wash.

COMMENCEMENT DAY SPEAKERS

CLASS HONORS

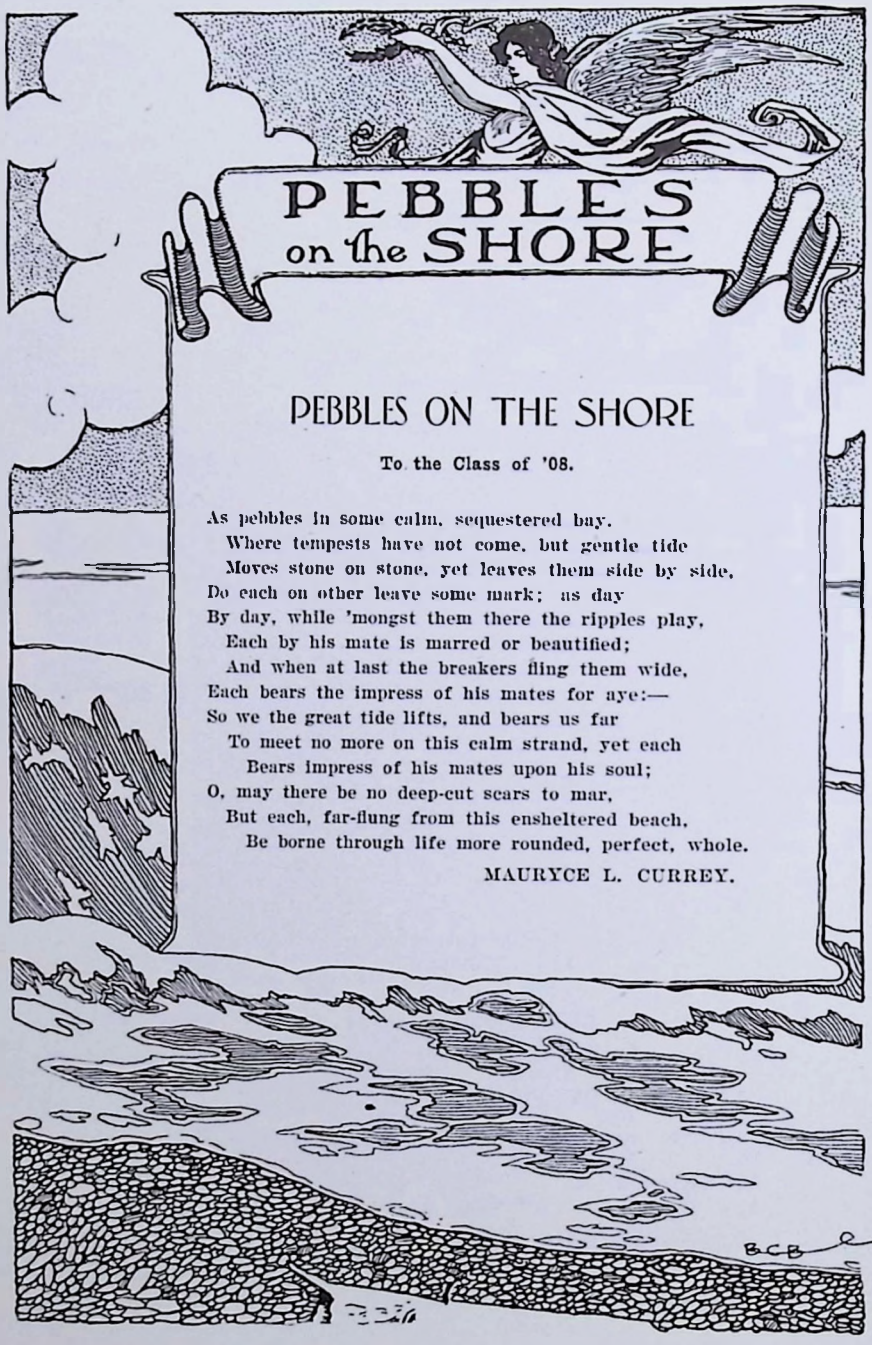
Commencement Program.

It is rather an unusual coincidence that both the valedictorian and salutatorian of the graduating class of '08 are boys. Mr. Trygve Buschmann, having attained the highest average in scholarship for the four years, will be valedictorian, and Mr. Samuel Kenney, ranking next to the highest, will be salutatorian.

The class chose Miss Aubra Markle and Miss Mildred Loring from the honor roll. The faculty, departing from the usual custom of having three boys and three girls on the program, chose Mr. Andrew Price and Mr. Leslie Palmer as speakers from the class at large. They also decided to have one vocal selection on the program and chose Miss Hilda Deighton to fill the new place.

Honor Roll.

1. Trygve Buschmann.
2. Samuel Kenney.
3. Robert Haley.
4. Charlotte Seeley.
5. Aubra Markle.
6. Mildred Loring.



PEBBLES ON THE SHORE

To the Class of '08.

As pebbles in some calm, sequestered bay,
  Where tempests have not come, but gentle tide
  Moves stone on stone, yet leaves them side by side,
Do each on other leave some mark; as day
By day, while 'mongst them there the ripples play,
  Each by his mate is marred or beautified;
  And when at last the breakers fling them wide,
Each bears the impress of his mates for aye:—
So we the great tide lifts, and bears us far
  To meet no more on this calm strand, yet each
    Bears impress of his mates upon his soul;
O, may there be no deep-cut scars to mar,
  But each, far-flung from this ensheltered beach,
    Be borne through life more rounded, perfect, whole.

MAURYCE L. CURREY.

THE BARON vs. THE MAN

High up on a rocky, beetling crag, overhanging the River Rhine, stood the castle of the Baron. It was a noble old castle, and, while it was undeniably ancient, it had lost little of the grimness and picturesque fierceness of its youth. The hungry ivy had clambered from casement to casement, both beautifying and destroying, but the tall towers were untouched by decay and rose sheer up from the cliff an hundred feet or more.

Below in the valley, whose beauty has been sung through the ages, flowed the broad, blue river, dotted here and there by a white sail or a gay little excursion steamer—for all this was in the Twentieth Century, and tourists must be accommodated. The Baron hated these puffing little steamers, and likewise the curious tourists who crowded their decks and stared at his castle with their ever-present field glasses. Nor did it add to the Baron's toleration of these last-named that one of them should cause him much private care and worry; but such was the case, and for want of a more definite name we will call him the Man. It might be well to add that he was an American traveling for his health, and, incidentally, for recreation.

Now, the fact that he was an American, and a very handsome one at that, would have made no difference to the Baron had it not been for the fact that the Lady realized the Man's attractiveness. The Lady was the Baron's daughter, and as beautiful as a young goddess. A very fairy of the Rhine, she seemed to the Man, with her great blue eyes and hair like spun gold. The Man had first seen her from the deck of one of the detested steamers, with a pair of those same detested glasses. She was leaning out from one of the castle casements, and the picture thus framed was one the Man never forgot. He immediately decided that a beautiful princess in an ivy-grown castle

was a most desirable person, and, being a resourceful man with a plentiful purse, he stopped at the little village which nestled beneath the sunny slopes of the Baron's vineyards, dined upon the best of the land, and waited his chance. The chance soon came and he took his tide of opportunity at the flood.

The Baron, one of his boatmen and the Lady ventured forth for a sail in their shallop. Enter Dame Fortune in the guise of an unexpected gust of wind—enter Baron and daughter into the waters of the Rhine—enter the Man in a rowboat, looking his handsomest in a beautifully dry suit of white flannel—enter Dan Cupid with two well-aimed arrows, and the Baron's trouble was a-foot. The Man conducted them straight to his inn, and, putting the Lady in charge of a motherly German matron, he led the Baron to his own apartments, dried him, clothed him, and restored him to his right mind. An invitation to dine with the Baron and his daughter was extended to the Man in a few days, and though slightly awed by the imposing crest upon the formal note, the Man gladly accepted, and, donning his dress suit, he sallied forth—or rather up—for it took an hour for the carriage to ascend from the village to the castle gate.

The Lady received the Man warmly, the Baron rather crustily, but you must remember that he was a genuine Baron and disliked tourists. The Man, however, regarded the Baron as a necessary evil, and devoted his entire attention to cultivating the Lady's acquaintance. His admiration for her deepened, and he swore softly to himself that he would win this woman and deliver her from the gloomy castle, and then carry her away to his own America. He dreamed a wild dream that night: that he clad himself from head to foot in plate armor an inch thick, and, armed with a huge golf stick, stormed the Baron's castle, hung that worthy from his own battlements, and flew with the Lady straight to his native city of New York. But it was only a dream, and when he went out for his morning's row on the river there was the castle, grimly forbidding, and there was the Lady herself, waving her kerchief to him from the casement. He visited the castle often after that; so often, in fact, that the

Baron became alarmed, for you must know that he intended to bestow his daughter's hand upon a neighboring and younger baron, and thus join two fine estates in one.

And so we come back to our former premises: The Baron was disturbed, and the disturbing element was the Man. Then one summer evening, the Man came in from the garden where he had been walking with the Lady, and informed the Baron that he (the Man) desired to become his (the Baron's) son-in-law; whereupon the Baron informed him that an immediate departure from those parts would be extremely healthful for him, unless he desired suspension from the castle walls by the hair. So the Man, with sad step and slow, went his way down to his inn, alone and by himself; and the Lady retired to her chamber and wept as though her sweet blue eyes were very fountains of grief; and the old Baron sat alone in his old oak chair, musing upon the fact that "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," and hating the little steamers and tourists all the more.

Do not for a moment suppose that the man was disheartened. You recall that he was a resourceful man, and when he found that it was impossible to bribe the Baron's servants to carry messages for him, he went out into the forest and cut a strong oak staff. Then he came back to the inn, sharpened his knife on his shoe, and made him a bow and arrows as he used to when a boy. It was an easy matter then to row out under the cover of dusk, and, by tying them to his arrow shafts, shoot burning messages of hope and love up into the Lady's casement. Then the Lady would bind an answer upon the missile and toss it back with a kiss of her hand. Thus, having established an efficient means of communication, the Man sat down three times a day to Rhineish and broiled pheasant, and waited his opportunity.

One day as the Man sat upon the inn porch, lazily smoking a long pipe loaned him by his genial landlord, a bill poster pasted a flaring announcement on an opposite fence, proclaiming that Europe's most famous aeronaut would, on the following week, make an ascension in that same village, etc. The poster

was, of course, in German, but the Man was well versed in all modern languages and readily grasped the meaning. At this time the Man had not written to the Lady for two whole days, for in her last note she had cautioned him that the Baron suspected them. So the man had sat nearly all day upon the porch and gazing up at the castle, had wondered in good American slang how in the deuce he could get up there and rescue his loved one from that old tyrant. The Baron had challenged him to mortal combat several times, but the Man had gracefully excused himself on the grounds that his folks were Methodists and would be shocked should their son hark back to barbarism. On the whole, it seemed to the Man that it was time to act if he would win the Lady for his bride. So he leaned back against the porch column and sent up ring after ring of smoke into the still, clear air, wishing that he could make one large enough to carry him and the Lady far away from the hateful castle and the more hateful Baron; then by chance he happened to glance over at the flaming poster again. A broad, beautiful smile spread over his handsome face, and jumping to his feet he exclaimed aloud, "By Jove, I've got it!" Which was a strange remark for one who was versed in all modern languages. He rushed up to his room and hurriedly scrawled the following:

"My Own Christine:

This is the last note I shall write you, for before another week goes by we shall be safely married, and then for America and a touch of real life. If you will do as I ask there will be no danger, and above all you must not be frightened at what may happen. Be dressed and ready for travel at your window at midnight one week from tonight.

Lovingly yours,

ED."

Having sealed this missive, the Man rowed silently out beneath the frowning towers of the castle and carefully shot it up into the Lady's window; then rowed back as silently as he came.

The Man did very little the following week except play cards with the landlord at night, and by day row up and down the river in front of the castle, singing college songs in a deep bass voice, which so offended the choleric Baron that he sent another challenge, which was gently refused. But the night on which the great aeronaut arrived in the quiet village the Man roused himself and made a visit to the celebrated king of the air, who

was, by the way, a plain Yankee, who sailed in home waters under the plain name of Smith. If one could have peeped in upon the interview between the man and the aeronaut one would have caught a glimpse of the glittering wings of America's noblest bird, the golden eagle, as it changed hands; and a satisfied smile would have been noticed upon the face of the aeronaut, and an expression of calm triumph on the Man's.

"Sure your rope is long enough?" queried the Man, tendering his companion a fragrant Havana.

"Sure," replied the aeronaut, "it's nearly three hundred feet."

"Very well, then," said the Man, "tomorrow night. I will meet you in the grove of oaks beyond the inn."

And if the same curious person had strolled past the billboard the next day he would have noticed a plain white poster announcing that there would be no balloon ascension for several days owing to delay in transportation.

On the appointed night the Man repaired to the grove, carrying with him a heavy overcoat, though the night was warm. The aeronaut was before him, as he observed from a cigar which glowed through the darkness. The aeronaut had with him a horse and wagon, the latter containing a huge dark mass surmounted by what appeared to be a monstrous clothes basket. The horse's hoofs were muffled and the steel wagon tires were treated in the same manner.

"Now," said the Man, "if you are ready we will jump in up to our necks."

"All ready," said the aeronaut, "get up there!" and the procession moved slowly out from the trees, wended their way through the silent village, and by a circuitous route finally arrived in the black shadows of the steep cliff upon which stood the Baron's castle.

It was a favorable night for their undertaking, dark as the Styx itself, and not a breath of air stirring in the valley.

"I have the ballast ready," said the aeronaut, motioning to a pile of sand bags, "you will need lots of ballast to float up the sides of that castle without tipping."

"How about the pit," said the Man, "is it ready?"

"Sure thing," responded the aeronaut, cheerfully, "I came out this morning before the old gent was awake and got all ready for the show, and if you'll give me a lift with this little rag we'll do business."

Between them they managed to get the great gas bag spread over the shallow pit. Then the aeronaut built a fire in the pit, adding such fuel as would cause a dense smoke but little blaze. The Man watched the great bag slowly fill and wondered if he were not dreaming again. He glanced up at the grim old pile above him and began to think ballooning after ladies a rather risky business, but stepping a little farther back he saw a gleam of light from one of the upper windows, and he knew that the Lady waited there. The thought gave him renewed courage, and he turned to assist in loading the ballast.

"All ready, sir," said the aeronaut.

"Amen," said the Man, and the two stepped into the car. Above swayed the huge black bag like some great bird of prey, and as the aeronaut began carefully to pay out the heavy rope through a hole in the bottom of the car, the Man saw the steep face of the cliff begin to pass slowly downward. Up, up went the car, very slowly on account of the heavy ballast, but fast enough for the Man, who was unused to aerial navigation. Soon the gray stones of the castle began to glide by, and they were slowly nearing the Lady's casement when the Man did a very foolish thing. He leaned far back to get another glimpse of the light in the window. The car swayed in toward the walls, and, crash! one of the windows went in—unluckily one opening from the Baron's sleeping room. Up sprang the Baron, and seizing a heavy sword from the wall, rushed to the window; seeing

above him a huge vague shape, he decided that some unknown flying monster had assailed his castle, and he rushed up to protect his daughter. But the door was barred, and after vainly trying to get an answer to his shouts of warning, he assailed the door so strongly with his great sword that the strong oak timbers began to crack and splinter.

Meanwhile the Man was not idle, nor was the aeronaut, for the latter skilfully brought the car to a level with the Lady's casement and assisted the trembling Lady's maid into the car, while the Man took the Lady in his arms and reassured her that there was no danger. The aeronaut hastily threw over several bags of ballast, cut the line, and the balloon shot up past the open window just as the Baron burst into the room, only in time to see a great black shape rising slowly into the air and hear a woman's shrill scream. The Lady's maid did not like queer situations.

The Baron mourned his daughter as one dead, for he firmly believed her lost to him forever; but after a few days' grieving, which was good for him and softened his vile temper, he received a dainty little note from the Lady, begging his forgiveness and explaining everything. The Baron was a sensible chap in spite of his faults, and seeing that he might as well give in gracefully to what he could not prevent, he forgave them both and invited them to make the castle their home after the honeymoon.

"After all," he mused to himself, "this American is rich, and, moreover, he plays a good game of whist, and tells a good story."

So the Man had his wish, and married the Lady in a quaint little church at Cologne, a solemn priest in a long, black gown murmuring the words which make one and one equal one. And the Lady's maid and the aeronaut were witnesses. The Baron is an old man now, and has grown quite agreeable with age. His

grandchildren play and romp in the ancient castle, making the dim old halls ring with shouts of laughter from childish lips. The Baron has grown to love them, and even to have a strong liking for the Man; but when he is feeling blue and at outs with the world, he climbs to the highest tower in his castle, and, looking over at the younger baron's fine estate, he sighs and thinks what a noble match the Lady might have made.

H. PEEPLES.

THE SENIOR FRENCH CLASS

Pandemonium always rages
  In French VI. class with Miss Lay,
While discussing—Oh! for ages—
  Over something dry as hay.

Our great bluffer, Andrew Price,
  Is an expert in translating;
Miss Grace Callard is so nice
  Help to him communicating.

Often, talking to Miss Patten,
  He is always caught asleep;
And in vain they search around them
  For the place they did not keep.

Coming to some hard constructions
  We find Leah Miller there,
In removing the obstructions
  "Student" Ande placed to her.

Or Miss Tibbits and Miss Yaw,
  Interested all the time
In psychology or law—
  Gee! but this is hard to rhyme!

For the rest, they all can gaze,
  Or can talk with one another;
As for instance does Miss Hayes,
  A great French and Spanish lover.

Samuel Kenney, caught for talking,
  Who must sit in the front row,
Uses every chance for balking,
  And excites our temper so!—

But we all agree on this:
  That in future days we'll never
Think that French was e'er amiss,
  Nor Miss Lay, our teacher clever.

—REINHOLD LOEWE, '08.

A PASTORAL ROMANCE

A warm breeze was stirring and smiling **White** daisies peeped from the meadow grass, which was gradually turning **Brown.** Here and there the cows lay quietly in the sun as if contented to **Chew** their cud. Across the **Leigh** came tripping a pretty **Derry**-maid, with a **Coyle** of golden hair over one shoulder. As she approached the bars to allow the cows to pass through, little burst of song came from her lips, "O, how I **Lovejoy!** O, how I **Lovejoy!**" and the **Dickie** birds took up the melody, making the air sweet with songs.

But with an absent look she changed her mind and sat down under the shade of a nearby tree to pursue her day dreams of brave knights and fair ladies.

She had not sat there long when she suddenly heard a deep voice, and jumping up, she saw before her a mighty **Hunter.**

"Prithee, fair maid, canst thou tell me to whom yonder castle belongs?"

With astonishment the pretty **Derry**-maid saw that everything about her was changed. A tall forest surrounded her, and it was made quite gloomy by the thick **Brambles** which grew everywhere, while to her astonishment she found herself attired with a beautiful gown and a **Perl** necklace hung around her shoulders.

"Good sir," she said, "yonder castle is my father's, and I entreat you to accept its hospitality."

"While searching for **New-lands,** I have had a fierce encounter with a terrible **Griffin** in a **Myer** nearby and my body is weary. Will you direct my way?"

"I will accompany you, good sir, and you are welcome, although we shall have only smoked **Herren** for our evening repast."

"Good lady, my **Shields** have all been broken in my encounter, although I am **Arm-strong.** I should, indeed, have suffered had I not met you."

They had neared the castle, and at these words, the maiden strove to **Hyde** her blushes, but in vain.

"Dear lady, will you **Murray** me? I have **Lutz** of gold and **Perls.**"

At this moment the **Bridge-man** lowered the drawbridge, and the terrified maiden rushed in and the gate rose, leaving the guest without.

"Not at any **Price,**" she cried.

"Ha!" he shouted, "I can soon return and take you after **Manning** an army."

The castle began to totter, and in a moment the **Derry**-maid awoke, to find herself gazing over the same **Leigh** and the cows were mooing to go home.

"O, **Shaw,**" she said, "he can, **Kenney?** But I guess that in his head he had **Cogs—well,** it would have been glorious anyway," and running to the bars, she quickly lowered them for the **Camp-bells** were already ringing, and hurried farmwards to prepare **Bowles** of sweet milk for the hungry **Peeples** there.

MILDRED LORING, '08.

THE DEPARTED CHIEFTAIN

I.

Gone to your last long rest
  In the Happy Hunting Ground.
As still and quiet in the West
  The great round sun sinks down.
Forever at rest those busy hands,
  The weary feet rest, too;
And over in Eternal Lands
  The Great Chief cares for you.

II.

For out on the crystal river
  Thy soul's canoe shoots forth;
Straight and sharp without a quiver,
  The cold wind blows from the North
Thy tired eyes are closed in sleep;
  Thy throbbing heart is still:
Thy own life's secrets hid as deep
  As the gold in yonder hill.

III.

Thy brow so dark and gloomy
  At last is peaceful now;
Thy quaint, weird life so roomy
  Lies like a broken bough;
Thy canoe is empty waiting—
  Waiting her master to guide—
To guide her o'er the bounding,
  White-capped, silvery tide.

IV.

The bow and shaft hang idle
  Behind the old tent door;
Thy rod and net are idle
  And lie upon the shore;
Their work with you is over,
  They toil not save with thee;
Thus o'er them and thee shall hover
  Sweet rest by the Dreamless Sea.

—A. K. S., '08.

FROM FANCY TO FACT

As I lay on my pillow, I had a dream;
I thought that my hair was streaked with grays.
I looked back upon Life's sweetest hours,
And lived again my lost school days.
I thought my school life a beautiful thing,
And I loved it, I loved it—like anything!

When I awoke and the dream disappeared,
And I knew I had school days galore,
And when I saw it was eight o'clock,
I think that I almost swore.
For I thought: "This school life's a horrible thing,
And I hate it, I hate it—like everything!"

—S. F., '08.

SENIOR
DRAMA

Photo by James & Bushnell.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

Photo by James & Bushnell.

OFFICERS SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

EDNA TIBBITS, President — **CAROLINE KELLY, Vice-President**

ROYAL PULLEN, Secretary — **SAM CALDERHEAD, Business Manager**

"THE SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB"

Early in the second semester, a large number of enthusiastic Seniors met to organize the fifth Senior Dramatic Club in the Seattle High School.

The class of '04 organized the first Senior dramatic club, and their aim was to further the study of dramatic art, as well as to promote the general good fellowship of the class. So each successive class has followed their good example, and entering into the work with the same spirit, under the direction of the same constitution, have gained much knowledge and pleasure from their work in the club.

At the first meeting the club elected officers and chose a committee to look up some plays. On the evening of March 14th, Mr. Wm. Lee Greenleaf gave a dramatic recital under the auspices of the club, at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. He gave several scenes from "Hamlet," which were greatly enjoyed by all who attended.

"A Scrap of Paper" was chosen as the principal play to be given at Egan's Hall near the end of the term. In the "tryout" such dramatic ability was shown by some of the players that the play is sure to be a great success.

Special credit is due to Ruth Christesen and Leah Miller, the leading ladies, who entered into their parts with great spirit and acted unusually well. The leading gentlemen, Messrs.

Waller, Armstrong and Myer, also showed talent. Misses Mildred Loring, Edna Tibbits, Lidie Herren and Mr. Haley all showed exceeding ability in their parts.

At the time of the present writing no small plays have been given, but the members expect to present one or two very soon. The club is greatly indebted to Miss Fox for her kind assistance, and extends its grateful thanks for her help.

SENIORS AS SEEN BY THE DRAMATIST

"And Thereby Hangs a Tale."

Chester Armstrong:—Ay, me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is!

Agnes Budden:—That I am modest doth appear in this.

Ruth Christesen:—As merry as the day is long.

Ned Myer:—And was accounted a good actor.

Alice Courtney:—The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good.

Harold Cogswell:—A youth with fascinating beauty crowned.

Robert Haley:—Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither.

Lidie Herren:—Her ways are ways of pleasantness.

Andrew Price:—He was a man; take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

Mildred Loring:—Your cheeks do counterfeit our roses.

Leah Miller:—The heaven such grace did lend her, that she might admired be.

Edna Tibbits:—I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Harold Waller:—He hath a fiery temper, yet fear him not.

Viola Thurmond:—Her court was pure, her life serene.

Jesse Bowles:—Resolved, to ruin or rule the state.

Gladys Hayes:—Let all the numbers of the stars give light to thy fair way.

Caroline Kelly:—Alack! There is more peril in thine eyes than twenty of their swords.

Helen Harding:—You have witchcraft in your lips.

Frank Foisie:—The man is noble and his fame folds in this orb of the earth.

Sam Calderhead:—He is but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

Wee Coyle:—Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.

Aubra Markle:—Laugh and grow fat like me.

Roy Pullen:—A tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Lucile Johnstone:—I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Florence Lewis:—She hath a dainty beauty in her life.

Mell Monheimer:—But he will talk! Good gods, how he will talk!

Alice Shelton:—Help! words fail me.

A. M. S., '08.

THE AWAKENING OF SUMMER

The sun shines down upon the earth,
  And people are so gay,
The summer season found its birth;
  The past month was the May.

The cherries redden on the trees,
  Strawberries are a-glow;
In fields and meadows hum the bees,
  And birds sing high and low.

What makes the hearts so light and bright,
  Eyes shining and cheeks blush?
The dreary winter took to flight
  And life awakes afresh.

REINHOLD LOEWE, '08.

ON RECEIVING AN INVITATION TO THE "HARD TIMES SOSHUL"

"Hard Times," you say, in missive bright,
That tells of fun by candle-light,
  Of merry boy and laughing girl,
  Of flying feet in pleasure's whirl,
Of mirth and joy the livelong night—
Youth needs for mirth excuse but slight;
Nor does it lose its keener sight
  Tho' caught in mesh of shining curl—
    "Hard times!" you say.

"In days to come, in sadder plight,
When Time has winged his sudden flight,
  Dear Time, so oft a niggard churl,
  In thought once more glad boy or girl
You smile again, in his despite,
    "Hard times!" you say.

F. M. ADAMS.

STOLEN SWEETS

It was nearly time for the Freshman frolic and the Sophomore spread at Langdon High, and many a whispering group could be seen in the building. Through some oversight(?) on the part of the "'09s" their spread came on the same evening as the frolic. Everyone supposed that great schemes were on foot, but just what they were no one seemed to know. That year the two upper classes had taken much interest in the rivalries of the "'08s" and "'09s" and told both classes to "Go to it!" and now their interest was **very** keen.

The Sophs had planned to have their treat at the expense of the Freshmen, but up to the day before the events they could not earn where the merry-making was to be. They had found where the cream was to be made, and had enlisted the services of Jenkins, a helper at the ice cream factory. But what good was that if they didn't know where the frolic was to be? But Ned Person, the class president, finally got the desired information. He had borrowed a book from a Freshman friend and was highly elated to find that this friend had very thoughtfully used his bid to the frolic as a bookmark.

Slipping the envelope into his pocket, Ned returned the book and thanked his friend most profusely. At noon he called the archconspirators together, chuckling over his success.

"Say, fellows! We've got 'em now! Listen to this! 'You are invited to the Freshman frolic at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orth on the evening of September 20, 1905.' We'll be there, well enough, eh, fellows?"

"No doubt of it! But how'll we fix things? It's getting awful close now—to-morrow evening."

"We've got to have their cream! Suppose we—e—e—but, say! I'll, tell you what!" cried Tom Baker, the practical joker. "We'll have Jenkins fix up duplicate cream tubs, then we'll fill the cans with wet sawdust. And to-morrow night we'll swap treats with those Freshies."

"Cries of "Say, Tom, you're a wonder!" "That's the idea!" "Just the scheme!" were heard in approval of his plan. The suggestion was unanimously adopted, and that afternoon at class meeting a "special" refreshment committee was chosen to look after the ice cream. The dummy tubs were prepared by Jenkins and taken to the Sophs' hall, not far from the home of the Orths, the afternoon before the time set for the fun.

But the Sophs had underestimated their enemies, for the missing invitation told the "09s" that their secret was out. So they prepared for battle royal, but better ways were found to even up the score. A small Freshman girl had overheard two Sophs discussing their schemes and she soon told her classmates what she had learned. A council of war was called to discuss ways and means of thwarting their foes. Many plans were offered, but at last one was chosen which appealed to all for its danger, daring and poetic justice.

"Suppose," said the originator of the idea, "we take our cream over to Mason Hall, leave it in place of their nice, clean sawdust, and we keep the sawdust at Orth's until they make their raid to-night. Then they'll steal their sawdust and leave us our cream."

The plan was adopted and the transfer made a few hours before the boys and girls began to gather for the parties. The Sophs, all unsuspecting, had no guard over their sawdust, so the exchange was quickly and easily made.

Ignorance is bliss, and both sides were perfectly happy. Everything was going as planned, and the plans were perfect.

About nine o'clock the Sophs' refreshment committee departed on their mission, leaving their companions anticipating the coming treat. They quickly carried their burdens to the scene of the frolic and quietly exchanged the frozen dainties (?). They were somewhat surprised to find no guard over the cream, but were glad that there was none. Really, however, there were many sharp eyes looking on, and when the vandals were gone the spies joined the rest of the party, shouting:

"Hey! the cream's come! The Sophs just got their sawdust!"

But, oh, the groans from the boys and the tears from the girls when the cans were opened, and instead of cream in each a mass of ice and salt was found. How they did "roast" the luckless boy who proposed the wonderful scheme!

Their consternation, though, was as nothing compared to

that of the "08s" when they found they had stolen their own sawdust, and great was their rage when they read the following note, found in one of the freezers:

"Dear Sophs: The race is not always to the Soph, and only the shrewd deserve the cream. Remember, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Yours, in the midst of plenty and pleasure,

"THE FRESHMAN CLASS."

The next day both the '08s and '09s were glum, to their mutual surprise, for each thought the other should be rejoicing over their victory. Finally they found that some one had been lurking in the chicken coop, but who, no one knew. A Freshman remarked to Tom, the inventor of the saw-dust scheme, in a tone of disgust:

"I hope you Sophs enjoyed our cream. But what did you want to swap the tubs for after 'catching on?' Why go to the trouble of filling the cans with ice and salt?"

"Fill 'em up with ice? Don't know what you mean. We got our dummies back again," was Tom's reply.

"Do you mean to say you didn't eat our cream and then fill the cans with ice and salt?"

"Yes. We never got a taste of your old cream, and don't know anything about your 'ice and salt.'"

"Then who got the cream?" answered the Freshman. "Somebody got it; we didn't."

In a few moments both '08s and '09s knew that neither side had eaten the cream. All that day puzzled groups debated the

question, "Who got the cream?" but no answer was found. The next morning the secret came out. A notice was found on the bulletin board and soon after its discovery an excited, chattering crowd blocked the hall. This is what they read:

NOTICE!

"Freshmen and Sophomores are advised to shun Jenkins; he is bad company and can't be trusted to keep secrets. Many thanks for the cream. We always take a great interest in your class conflicts and hope you may have many more.

"Signed, A COMMITTEE
"of Seniors and Juniors."

True enough, the upper classmen had taken a "great interest" in the contest between the Freshmen and Sophomores.

FOREST C. DANA, '08.

AS CHARACTERIZED BY THE PLAYWRIGHT

"The Man of the Hour," Russell Mackey.
"Glorious Betsy," Kathleen Watson.
"The College Widow," Caroline Kelly.
"Strongheart," Wee Coyle.
"The Girl Who Has Everything," Helen Harding.
"When Knighthood Was in Flower," Andrew Price.
"The Prince Chap," Roy Pullen.
"The Darling of the Gods," Henry Grant.
"The Rose of the Ranch," Ida Maclean.
"The Virginian," Clifford Bartow.
"The Music Master," Ned Myer.
"The Spring Chicken," Fred Hickingbottom.
"The Girl of the Golden West," Alice Courtney.
"Merely Mary Ann," Marian Radford.
"The Silver Girl," Frances Norquist.
"The Younger Son," Albert Foisie.
"The Merry Widow," Ruth Christesen.
"The Man from Home," Lowell Brown.
"The Professor's Love Story," Mr. Buchanan.
"Uncle Josh Perkins," Vic Rabel.
"The Perfect Lover," Leo Bradner.
"The Little Duchess," Eva Dodge.
"The Little Cherub," Peggy Lovejoy.

CLIPPINGS FROM NEWSPAPER, SEPT. 22, '16

There will be service in First Christian Science Church, Sunday, Sept. 23, 1916. Subj. Evils of Co-education. Pastor, Warren O. Brown.

SCHOOL FOR BOYS (established since 1908). Strict training. Principal, Miss Caroline Kelly; Ass. Prin., Frederick Hickingbottom.

I guarantee to turn out a champion football team within one season.

WILLIAM COYLE,

The Only Football Hero in Existence

Apply at Coyle Building, 23 Coyle Street. Office hours, 10-12.

MINSTRELS TO-NIGHT!

Max Enos presents

HENRY PEEPLES, CLAUDE ANDRUS and DEAN BALLARD

In Best Minstrels Ever Heard; 386 Nights in New York, 300 in Chicago.

HOW TO BE JOLLY.

Apply Mlle. Lucile Johnstone.

My laugh a specialty. 124 Dean Street, Ballard, Wash.

President Price, in his tour of the country, will arrive in Seatle next week. While here he will speak on education.

Miss Marguerite Michaels, the famous woman suffragist, will be in Seattle next week. She will address the women of Seattle.

Mlle. Leah Miller will repeat her famous beauty lecture for the benefit of High School girls.

COGSWELL—BARBER

All the latest hair cuts. 1 2nd Ave.

K. W., '08.

THE NEW PLANET

The altogether novel motion of the 1920 flying machine at first took our minds off our surroundings, but at length we perceived, not a long distance away, a small planet. We approached rapidly a large town, laid out in the form of an "S."

We alighted in what appeared to be a large square, and could hardly restrain our laughter when we noticed the many tall, peaked buildings, and, much to our amazement, we saw many people in the distance. Having come from Missouri we had to see, so we hurried forward. The people showed no surprise at our ship, and we saw many others.

From the snatches of conversation we heard, we thought the large building on our right must be a cannery. But we later discovered it was a "lesson factory." The study rooms were like our modern piazzas, and there were many things to amuse the students who didn't wish to study.

We went through the main door into a large hall, curtained off in sections. The first partition we drew towards us had a

class reciting in it on a study which was somewhat like our geometry, but on closer inspection proved to be a science of large circles and ovals by which the girls learned to trim hats. Two girls, in the rear, were debating vigorously about whether a bicicle wheel or a cart wheel made the better frame for the cute little hats of the season, while the teacher patiently showed how the ostrich wings were fastened on. In passing from that enclosure to the next, we overheard a conversation between two boys.

"Where did you get the hair cut, old man?"

"You look splendiferous with your bristles sticking straight up in front and hardly noticeable in the back. Who's the new clipper?"

"Oh, I've just had my hair washed, so I thought I would try the new 'DOSTELLO' hair cut. Doesn't it really look fine?"

Hearing a great commotion, we pushed aside the curtain and went into a scene of great disorder. A small, dark-haired man, with a large moustache and glasses, was trying to give a lesson in Esperanto to a very disorderly class.

Presently a cowbell was heard, and the pupils madly rushed for the entrance. We were thrust rudely aside, and as we walked forward we fell over many pairs of pumps, which seemed to have fallen in the flurry. As we passed out we saw in the distance the class spirit wrestling with the debating clique. By the doorway we saw two girls looking like the last run of shad. On

inquiring, we were informed they had a bad case of COYLE-ITIS, an epidemic which had recently swept the school. This was not a serious disease, but caused the invalid many heart palpitations and much discomfort. When we boarded our car the last thing we heard was "four boys" singing "Blow the Smoke Away."

M. S. F.

SONNET ON THE NAUGHT EIGHT CLASS

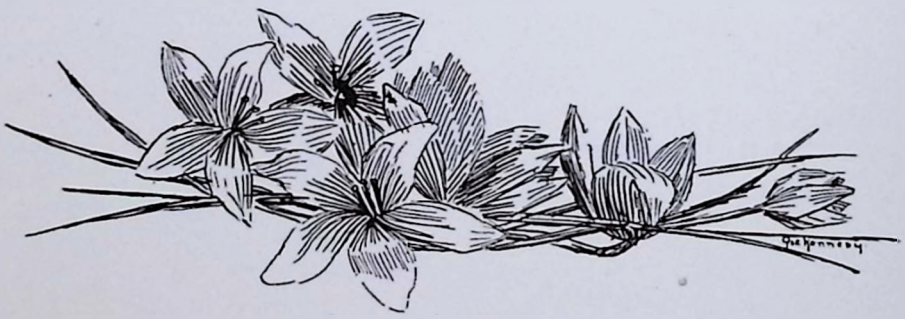
The Senior Class Naught-Eight shall graduate.

Severe 'twill be to face this world's floor,
Each one of us in turn shall give his lore,
Nor ever though forget that it was fate
In this hard world that tore him from his mate,
Or placed him where the current does most roar,
Roar through his soul—till strength he shall need more.

Come up th' horizon, my dear star, I'll wait
Like one who knows for certain, luck has come
Afore it's there. My heart, it says to thine
Sweet words, as love alone can utter.—Soft,
Sweet calls, as these among the Seniors hum.

Naught may we be;—who knows but what we'll pine
Eight years from now for some dear Seniors oft?

REINHOLD LOEWE, '08.



SEEN IN THE '08 ZOO

Grizzly Bear—Ralph Westover, noted for its love of sweets and habit of sleeping during the winter.

Antelope—Fay Short, a beautiful but timid creature, with buff-colored hair and mild disposition.

Owl—Ned Myer, well known for its nocturnal habits and weird hooting.

Greyhound—Fred Hickingbottom, noticeable for its slender form and shaggy aspect.

Lamb—Leona Frasch, pretty, mild and gentle.

Carrier Pigeon—Lidie Herren, a variety of domestic pigeon used to carry messages.

Snapping Turtle—Lucille Johnstone, a dangerous animal, named from its habit of snapping at anything within reach.

Shrimp—Fritz Churchill, a very small shell-fish of great importance.

Bantam-Cock—James Hutchins, a small but spirited breed of domestic fowl. Will become pet by kind treatment.

Boa Constrictor—Wee Coyle, it devours deers by coiling around them.

Rabbit—Ollie Polson, a timid creature with a retiring disposition.

Moose—Don Tinling, a shy creature, and in the early winter all the craft of the huntress is required to catch it.

Beaver—Mildred Loring, energetic and industrious; seldom seen away from its haunts.

Mouse—Enid Sprengle, fond of cheese and apt to be found near "Bowles" of milk.

Ostrich—Gladys Clark, important for its beautiful and valuable plumage.

Butterfly—Edna Tibbits, a fluffy insect which never remains in one place any length of time.

Porcupine—Harold Cogswell, distinguished by its short, sharp quills.

Bullhead—Carl Reichart, a variety of fresh water fish, with remarkably thick skull.

Rooster—Paul Ogle, an animal disposed to strutting.

Grasshopper—Irene Mathieu, "nuff" said.

Deer—Lowell Brown, a very gentle creature.

M. L., '08.

TO THE SPIRIT OF WISDOM

Tell us, fair and mighty spirit,
  Have we solved thy mystic spell,
Which thru four long years of High School
  We have daily sought to spell?

Freshmen, Sophomore, Junior, Senior,
  Oh, the trouble and the pain!
With what labor and what heartache
  Have we sought our minds to train.

Yet with all this toil and trouble,
  All this culture of the brain,
Have we wisdom or mere learning?
  What a difference 'twixt the twain!

SAMUEL KENNEY, '08.

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of Nineteen-Eight, of the Washington and Lincoln High Schools, City of Seattle, State of Washington, being of sound and disposing mind, memory, and mindful of the uncertainty of life, do hereby make and publicly declare this to be our last will and testament in the manner following, that is to say:

ARTICLE I.

We give and bequeath to Mr. William F. Geiger, Mr. James E. McKowan, and Faculty, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the Board of Directors of the Seattle School District No. 1, of the State of Washington, the sum of all herein mentioned, to have and to hold the same in trust for the following uses and purposes, that is to say:

ARTICLE II.

We authorize, empower and direct said trustee to bestow:

First—Upon Mr. William F. Geiger and Mr. James E. McKown, Principals of our respective schools, in appreciation of their fatherly guidance during our four long years of life, the fond memory of our great and noble class, that they may draw therefrom examples to relate to our posterity.

Second—Upon Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick, Vice-Principal of our school, a pair of rubber heels that he may not be compelled to walk upon his tiptoes.

Third—Upon Miss Pearl Brace, clerk of our school, a wireless telegraph communication with every room in the High School building, in appreciation of the many times that she has kindly (?) summoned us to the office.

ARTICLE III.

First—To bestow upon Mr. Buchanan a rocking chair, that hereafter he may be comfortable in class.

Second—To bestow upon Miss Freeman and Miss Fox all of the themes and examination papers they have corrected; also all of the orations they have endured.

Third—To bestow upon Miss Hill and Mr. Oliver the remains of the dead language murdered at the hands of "Naught-Eight."

Fourth—To bestow upon Miss Lay a new expression to replace "My young Christian friend."

Fifth—To pay to Mr. Keith and Mr. de Vilbiss, each, the recompense for four years of faithful service, the value of X -|- Y.

Sixth—To bestow upon the Senior Roll teachers the Junior Class as a token of our love and esteem.

ARTICLE IV.

First—We hereby bequeath to the Junior Class the spirit of old Naught-Eight.

Second—We hereby bequeath to the Sophomore Class some of the modesty and dignity of Seniors.

Third—We hereby bequeath to the Freshman Class honorable mention, for which they should be duly thankful.

Fourth—We hereby bequeath to the Freshman-to-be our glorious and honored colors, Yale blue and white.

ARTICLE V.

First—Miss Margaret Gibson hereby bequeaths Mr. Carl Reichart to Miss Orpha Meacham.

Second—We hereby bequeath to Mr. Andrew Price all of the plans he has proposed for the advancement of our school.

Third—We hereby bequeath Mr. Melville Monheimer to Miss Elsie Marks.

Fourth—We hereby bequeath to Miss Alice Shelton a long and prosperous voyage down the Saint (?) Lawrence.

Fifth—Miss Grace Callard hereby bequeaths her reputation as the giggler of the school to Miss Edna Inglis and Miss Kathleen Maxwell, to be shared and shared equally.

Sixth—We hereby bequeath Mr. Charlie Mullen to Miss Fay Short.

Seventh—Mr. Harold Cogswell hereby bequeaths his illustrious pompadour to Mr. David Clay, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, till time do it part.

Eighth—We hereby bequeath to Mr. Ed. Myers a heart-rending career on the operatic stage.

Ninth—Miss Frances Norquist, of the Lincoln High, hereby bequeaths Mr. Chester Armstrong to Miss Mary Johnson of the Broadway High.

Tenth—Mr. Fritz Churchill hereby bequeaths his interest in the "Wireless" to Miss Irene Mathieu, to be used only in communication with the Broadway High School.

ARTICLE VI.

We hereby revoke all former wills made by us.

ARTICLE VII.

We wish thus publicly to acknowledge our great gratitude to an all-kind and wise protector, for his constant and helpful guidance during the past four years of labor, trials and sufferings.. In all we tried hard the patience of this our guardian, and have found encouragement and assistance.

We have no doubts about a future life beyond this; a fair land, where no more yellow slips and monthly tests will be had.

To this, our last will and testament, we have on this, the 23rd day of April, 1908, A. D. (nineteen hundred and eight, A. D.), in the City of Seattle, State of Washington, set our name and seal.

Senior Class of 1908.

The foregoing agony, consisting of (?) pages, including this page, was, on the day and date thereof, at the City of Seattle, State of Washington, signed by the above Senior Class of 1908, and by them published to be their last will and testament, in our presence, and we thereupon, at their request and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereunto subscribed our names as subscribing witnesses, with our respective places of residence.

ANDRICUS PRICITICUSS,
23 Cor. Death and Starvation.

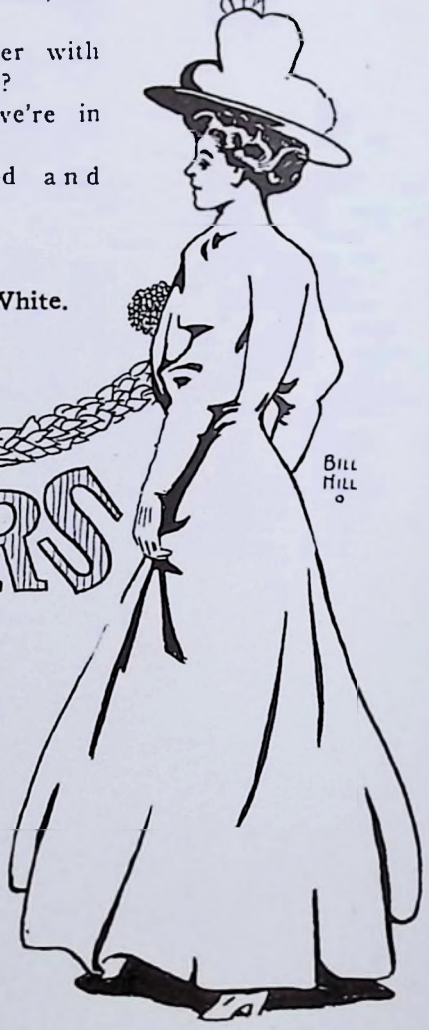
JULY ET A. RANSON,
Cor. Health and Prosperity.
W. L., '08.

CLASS OF 1909.

Hull-a-bal-loo, bal-loo, ba-line!
What's the matter with Naughty-Nine?
Highty, tighty, we're in line!
Nineteen Hundred and Nine!

Colors
Crimson and White.

JUNIORS



OFFICERS

ROBERT LEIGH.....President
REX VAN WINTER..Vice-President
RUTH EVANS.....Secretary
WARDE BOWLES.....Treasurer

Photo by James & Bushnell.

JUNIOR CLASS

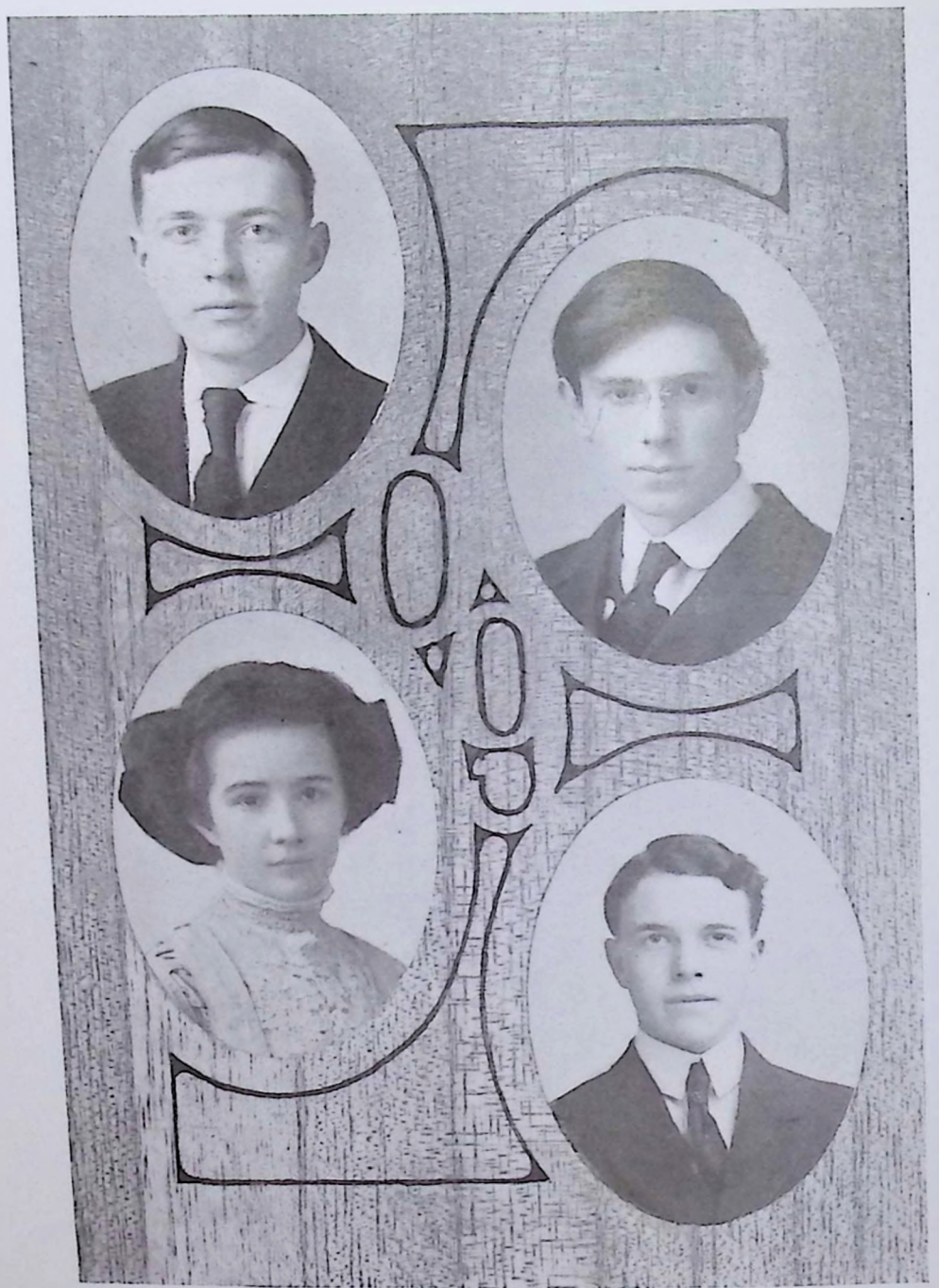


Photo by James & Bushnell.

OFFICERS JUNIOR CLASS

ROBERT LEIGH, President — REX VAN WINTER, Vice-President
RUTH EVANS, Secretary — WARDE BOWLES, Treasurer

EDITORIAL

Each year in the history of the Class of Nineteen-Hundred-Nine has seemed more eventful than any preceding. This year has certainly been no exception. We have worked and studied hard, but have played just as strenuously and had a fine time.

As the result of the efforts of a most enthusiastic Prom committee, one of the best dances in the annals of the High School has been given. Almost everybody was there, and all enjoyed themselves.

The '09 Club carried on a most successful membership contest, and also challenged the 10's to a debate, which resulted in a victory for the juniors.

It has been shown what the Seniors of next year will accomplish by the Junior Whims and the Pageant of the Christmas assembly.

The girls turned out for the athletics and a fine basket ball team was the result. Many also had good times at hockey and tennis.

Under the very able management of our president and the other officers, the class affairs have been better attended to than ever before.

If we should attempt to tell of other exploits and of the few mentioned at greater length, we would cover many pages; but we are limited, so we cannot more than mention them.

Our greatest hope for the future is that out Senior year will be as much better than the preceding as this has been the former. Let us each keep this in mind and work for this as we have never worked before, so that as we leave it may be said:

"The Class of '09 has been the best in the history of the Seattle High School."

Photo by James & Bushnell.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

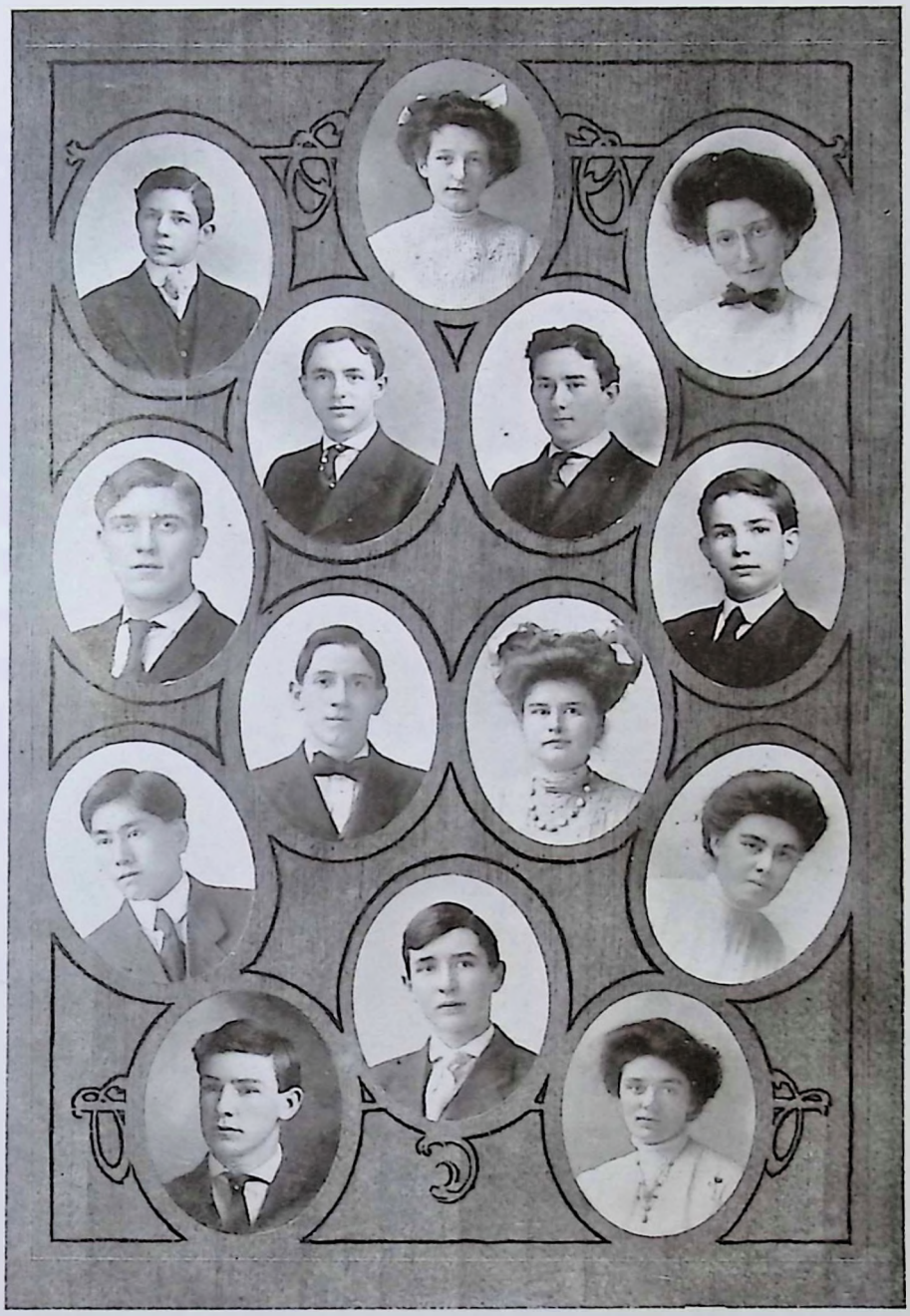


Photo by James & Bushnell.

Photos by James & Bushnell

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Photo by James & Bushnell.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

Photo by James & Bushnell.

FANCY'S FAVORITES

Phyllis started and glanced hastily up and down the lawn. Surely, someone had called; but no, the garden was entirely deserted. "Well, I must have been a-dreaming," thought she, with a yawn, and again dropped listlessly back into the hammock among the cushions, beginning idly to turn the pages of Lorna Doone. The very laziest little breeze was only just pretending to fan the very drowsiest spring day imagineable. Even the lilac blossoms hung their graceful heads, nodding them indolently now and again to waft their perfume to the already sleep-inducing atmosphere, and the bees murmured heedlessly. Perhaps this might have affected Phyllis Lea, as she had visions of castles that were to be—but no one can tell.

"Phyllis! Phyllis! Oh, Phyllis!" Suddenly springing up, Phyllis must have startled the mischievous breeze, for it blew a loose page of her book right over and beyond the lilac hedge. It was the same fluttering, agitated little voice she had heard before, and it kept calling from the other side of the lilac hedge.

"Yes, in a second!" And just as she had successfully managed to wriggle an arm through the somewhat dense branches, shrieks of laughter and clamorous voices greeted her, while half a dozen pairs of hands pulled her through bodily.

"Isn't it the most scandalous thing!"

"O, what shall we do?"

"Do you think she is kidnapped? O, dear Phyllis, do tell us," pleaded another voice.

"Phyllis, will you come here a minute?" On hearing this gentle request, Phyllis turned, while the excited voices about her immediately became still.

What a pretty little glen it was, but most picturesque of all were its occupants. Phyllis found herself looking up into the smiling face of Queen Elizabeth, who was sedately holding court, seated on a throne of moss and starry daisies, her gold-embroidered robes falling in graceful folds. Lord Essex and the Merchant of Venice stood beside her, both with an arm thrown around the Herculean shoulders of John Ridd, who seemed to be bowed down with grief. Sophia Primrose, Rosalind, Rowena and Becky Sharp stood waiting for their queen to speak. Leaning against a tree were Dunstan Cass and Squire Thornhill, who kept looking at Phyllis with such an evil expression that she grew quite frightened. Pretty Janice Meredith was trying her best to restore peace between the uproarious Tam O'Shanter and a very severe individual, wearing a hatchet shaped brooche, and whom Phyllis recognized as Carrie Nation.

"Now," continued Queen Elizabeth, "we need the aid of some mortal, and because you have always loved us so dearly, perhaps you can help us." The Queen paused a moment. "This very afternoon was to celebrate the wedding of Lorna Doone and John Ridd, but Lorna has been mysteriously stolen. We have searched throughout the Book World in vain."

"Shure, begory, Oi belave she's died," mourned the irrepressible Handy Andy, dismally.

"Now, Phyllis," said the Queen, "what can we do?"

CHAPTER II.

About midnight the great moon looked down and beheld Phyllis Lea pacing slowly up and down the garden. She did not seem at all disturbed by the long, dark, ghostly shadows of the trees and shrubs which shivered and sighed in a mournful fashion as the wind rustled through their leaves. At the dismal hoot of an old owl in the tower, she started, gathered up her white dress and walked rapidly towards the old rambling man-

sion. "What could have happened to Lorna Doone? Surely something dreadful, for she never would have run away from her own wedding willingly. O, what could it be! I can't stand this suspense any longer." In the intensity of her thought, she did not hear the crackling behind her. Suddenly a bright red glow shot up. What is that?

"Help! Help! Fire! Fire!" she shrieked with all her might. In less than no time they all came hurrying up to fight the fire. But Phyllis noticed the window casements being shaken violently and hastened to tell the others. Presently from the burning castle was borne the unconscious form of Lorna Doone and laid gently on the grass.

"Look, look!" cried Ben Hur, and he and Antonio plunged again into the flames. There from the upper lattice someone waved frantically, but presently the unfortunate Dunstan Cass had been rescued from a horrible death. Overcome with remorse, he then and there confessed to have stolen Lorna, begging them to do with him as they wished.

CHAPTER III.

This time the moon peeped through the leaves into a fairy woodland bower. Never had the fireflies glistened so brightly, or the brook flowed so merrily. The flowers whispered to each other expectantly, as if they were so happy they didn't know what to do. The sound of approaching music and laughter floated in on the breeze. Presently they entered the glen, first the Queen in a magnificent gown of royal purple and gold, then Lorna Doone and John Ridd, followed by their troops of friends, among them Lorna Doone. After old Dr. Primrose had performed the ceremony a dance was proposed. So Tom Brown told Joe March "she was a shark, to come on and try it." So away they flew, with Becky Sharp and Antonio, Ivanhoe and Rowena, and Messala and Iris all keeping time to flying feet. And last, but by no means the least, Phyllis and Tam O'Shanter went "tripping the light fantastic toe" together as gaily as any one of "Fancy's Favorites."

HELEN FREEBORN.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMEN FOOTBALL GAME

Here's to our class of Naughty-Nine,
And our victories great and small,
And surely in the football line
We surpassed them one and all.

In the winter of our Sophomore year,
When excitement raged so high,
The Great Game of the season near
Raised all hopes to the sky.

The Freshmen made a plucky fight,
Poor things, they had no hope,
For of course in the end we vanquished them quite.
And we'll always hand out the same dope.

Forever and ever thruout our career
Our splendid class-spirit has won,
The Naughty-Nine class has found not peer,
Nor, continuing thus, shall find one.

LEE GAZZAM, '09.

JUNIOR LATIN VERBS

Skipo, skipere, faculti-suspendum.
Flunko, flunkere, suspendi, expulsum.
Skipio, skipire, matinivi, suspensum.
Hurreo, hurrere, hurry-up-or-you'll-lose-'em.
Bluffo, bluffere, teacher-soon-catch-'em.
Skiduo, skiduere, vamousi, twenty-threeum.
Clocko, stopere, tardui, excusum.
Canoeo, canoeere, upsetti, all-drownedum.
Absento, absentere, reported-to-Ketchum.
Reporto, reportere, signui, by-selfum.
Testo, testere, take-homi, get-signdum.
Sliko, slikere, too-many-yellow-perilum.
Talko, talkare, assembly, get-scoldum.
Drillo, drillere, all-smoky, get-scaredum.
Freshmano, greenere, small-baby, all-scaredum.
Sophomoro, sophomare, so-silly, big-headum.
Junioro, Juniore, so-happy, studiosum.
Senioro, seniore, solemni, sedatum.

Bertha
Shahar

THE '09 GIRLS

Yes, I'd like to have you meet them,
There's no set of girls can beat them,
They're the finest class of girls within our school.

Some are plain and some are pretty,
But they're all bright girls, and witty,
And their cleverness is far above the rule.

They excell in French and Latin,
Tho' there's nothing they "flunk" flat in,
And they do their mathematics with amazing skill and ease.

Ghosts of physics flee before them,
English casts no shadow o'er them,
And they always go triumphantly thru anything they please.

In athletics they are workers,
In debate they're never shirkers ,
As for showing their class-spirit, there they radiantly shine.

If you're looking for a merry
Girl, who dances like a fairy,
Just get an introduction to the girl of Naughty-Nine!

EVA SKINNER, '09.

'09 BASKET BALL

The '09 girls are in the lead
In girls' athletics, all;
Especially well did they succeed
In games of Basket Ball.

In '06 they were not winners,
They were by far too small,
And were just beginners
'Gainst the upper classmen tall .

But this defeat taught them to work
And practice hard each day,
In their Sophomore year they didn't shirk,
Some great games did they play.

The '09's from the Freshmen won,
And did the Seniors play,
To win the championship was fun
From '07's team so gay.

They also did the Franklins beat,
And in the High School team did play,
In a glorious game did they defeat
The team of the C. A.

Now they are mighty Juniors,
And still they lead the rest,
Until the course is finished
They'll ever be the best.

More '09 girls wear S's
And have cups and trophies fine
Than all the other classes,
These girls of Naughty-Nine.

ETHEL EVANS, '09.

JUNIOR SEALTH

Teacher—You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud.

Freshman (shame-facedly)—That's me.

"Are you good at measurement?"

"I am."

"Then how many shirts could I get out of a yard?"

"That depends on whose yard you got into."

A certain young man of the Junior Class who had prolonged his call on a young lady the other night was surprised, on leaving, to hear a window in an upper story raised as he left the house, and the voice of the mistress call out:

"Leave an extra quart this morning, please!"

"You don't appear to care much for music. Don't you even like the popular airs?"

"No. The only popular air with me is the millionaire."

A professor, saying farewell to one of his classes, said: "Many happy years have I spent with you, but I must now leave you. Would that there was a window in my breast that you might see the inmost recesses of my heart!"

At this point a voice from the back of the room piped: "Professor, would a pain in the stomach do?"

An Irishman, when shown a statue of the Winged Victory, exclaimed: "And do yez say that's Victory? Well, then, I'd like to see the other lady—she certainly must have put up a good fight!"

THE JUNIOR PROM.

Hence, loathed lesson all,
With care and toil and "yellow peril" fraught,
That count perhaps for naught;
But come, thou spirits, fair and free,
Fancies and thoughts of memory,
And waft me far, oh! far away,
To the bliss and joys of another day—
The night of the Junior Prom.

And straight before mine eye a sight
I see; a fairy land of red and white,
All decked in greens and pennants gay,
While myriad lights to all, display
The beauties of that haunt of mirth;
And strains, the sweetest heard on earth
Steal softly, gently, through the air,
Sending harmony everywhere.

Gliding, tripping, here and there,
Charming youths and maids so fair
Intermingle in the dance,
Exchanging many a sidelong glance;
Or, perchance, the keenest eye
In a dusky corner might descry
Two forms, a dark one and a light,
Melting into shadows quite.

Thus through that eventful eve,
Whose pleasures one can scarce conceive,
The fun flowed fast and furious
For each and every one of us.
And when at last 'twas time to part,
Each one could say with all his heart:
"Oh how can mortal tongue relate
The joys of the Prom of nineteen-eight!"

L. L. S, D. G., '09.

ONLY A TROOPER'S HAT

I lay stretched out in a big wicker chair at the close of a hot South African summer's day, languidly watching the smoke drifting in blue wreaths from my huge native cigar. As, half asleep, I looked at the clouds and streamers floating away, I seemed to see the faces of friends I had known in far-off England. Then, as the pictures faded, I turned to my drowsing host, lazily threw a book at him, and shouted:

Hey, Stan! Wake up!"

"Well?" he drawled, "what is it? More of those pesky questions? Hope it's the last of 'em."

"What became of Dick Burton?" I asked, ignoring his remarks. "You were here during the war and perhaps met him. Last I saw of him he was wooing a pretty damsel, daughter of one of your Dutch burghers, I believe. She didn't look it, though, for she was as slender and graceful as any English maid."

After a moment my friend replied:

"Yes, I knew him. Fine fellow."

"I thought perhaps you knew him. Heard he had a falling out when the troubles began down here, and then joined the Guards. Deuced nice boy, too. Just wondering where he was. What's he doing now—do you know?"

"Yes, he was with me in the First Guards, scouting, but he's dead now. He was killed at Bloemfontein, poor fellow."

"The deuce! Hard on the girl! I heard she was broken-hearted when he left and soon after went home to her father. But, say! What are you looking so glum about? There must be a story somewhere. Out with it! Life here is an awful bore just now."

Then as Robertson showed no sign of hearing me, I went on:

"Well, speak up! Don't be bashful! Dick wasn't a coward, that I know, for he was awarded the Victoria Cross. If it's a love story, why, let's have it!"

"If I must, I must, I suppose," growled Stan at last, "if it's only to stop your silly chatter. But mind you keep still while I'm talking or you'll have to guess the end of the story."

"All right," I agreed, "fire away!"

"As you know," began Robertson, "Burton joined the Guards after his affair. He was sent here early in the troubles, and being a fine soldier, was soon heard from. I met him when I was sent with the First as a scout. He was a fine fellow, but owing to his quarrel, I suppose, he was sometimes irritable. He seemed to court death, but he was never even wounded. He earned his medal all right, though it never reached him.

"The First had been detailed on a reconnoitering expedition to the north. We were well within the debatable land and were

harassed on all sides, when we learned that the Boers had a telegraph line some thirty-five miles to the east of us, and by this warnings of our every move were sent on ahead by some one in our rear. Our colonel swore this had to stop, so one evening he called Burton and myself to his tent.

" 'Robertson,' he said, 'I want you and Captain Burton to take some men and cut that line. Go light, as you will run for it more than once, for the Dutch are always out.'

"So we left that evening when night had fully fallen, taking only one man, however, a gruff fellow—Peters—an old Great Western lineman. After several hours of hard riding we reached the line, having dodged several scouting parties of the Boers. We cut out several spans of wire at long intervals, replacing it with blackened cord, hoping to delay the enemy in locating the break. After burying the coils of cut wire, we began the race for camp. Only a few miles had been covered when Peters' horse stumbled and began to limp. As time and speed meant all to us, we were hard put, but I proposed that we go to a farm a mile to the north of our route and see if we could steal a horse. They agreed, but on nearing the kraal we saw that the house was not dark as we expected, but all lit up, and we knew some sort of a council was in progress. We decided to slip up to the place and see what we could learn, so leaving our horses behind, we slowly crept toward the house. We were just within a small flower garden when a door opened suddenly, and we started back into the shadow. A slender, golden-haired lass stood in the doorway, the light darting far ahead of her as she peered into the darkness. Dick gasped, and started toward her, softly calling 'Barbara.' She stood there but an instant, then with a glad little cry ran toward him, arms outstretched. Peters

and I, who had feared that all was lost, knew her to be Dick's sweetheart, so we went to get the horses. When we returned we knew that all quarrels were forgotten as they approached us arm in arm. She told us that we must hurry or we would be captured, so we told her why we were there. She then led us to the stables, and picking out three of her father's best horses, insisted that we take them in place of our own. Then she got her own pony, saying she was going a little way with us. While saddling his horse, Dick's hat fell off, and she laughingly placed it upon her own fair head. Before mounting Burton made her put on his coat also, as the night was cold and damp. All was quiet, and we felt safe, until, on breasting a kopje, we saw several Boer scouts riding toward us. We dodged, but too late, for with a shout they raced down after us. Dick commanded Barbara to leave, and she turned and sped away, while we wheeled in the opposite direction, firing at the pursuing horsemen. Several shots followed us, but we were out of range, and soon eluded the skirmishers, reaching the post about dawn.

"Dick was a changed fellow, and save for a few worries as to whether Barbara reached home without discovery, was perfectly happy. But his life was not his own, and now that he valued it he was called to give it for his country. He was among the first to fall at Bloemfontein, a few weeks after he saw his sweetheart. We who knew his story grieved for him and pitied the girl whose heart would be broken when she heard of his death. But Fate was kinder than we thought, for, months after the battle, we learned from some prisoners that Barbara was found one sunny morning, lying dead in a little valley near the farm, her pony standing beside her. She wore an English

army coat and beside her lay a trooper's hat. Peters and I then knew that the shots that we heard that night meant not danger to us, but the death of the loving, brown-eyed lass who had given her life for us because of a trooper's hat."

F. C. D.

THE LAY OF THE LAST CHAUFFEUR

(With Apologies to Sir Walter Scott.)
The way was rough, the motor old,
The aged chauffeur was growing cold,
His goggles dim and cap of gray
Seemed to have known a better day;
The wheel, his sole remaining joy,
He yielded not to younger boy.
The last of all of those was he
Who drove the race at "Meadows" lea,
For well—a day! Their date was fled,
His driving brethren all were dead
And he, neglected and depressed,
Longed to be with them and at rest.
No more on buzzing honkster borne
He speeded gay as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
Behind the wheel by lord and guest,
He tooted 'mid the thronged fray
"Hey, give to me the right of way!"
Old times were changed, old motors gone,
An airship filled the auto's throne,
The bigots of the airship line
Now called earth-motoring a crime.
A lonely chauffeur, old and poor,
Delivered bread from door to door,
And drove to swell a housewife's store
The car that kings had loved of yore.

—MARGARET SMITH, '09.